

From the Athenæum.

Algeria and Tunis, in 1845. By Captain J. CLARK KENNEDY. 2 vols. Colburn.

SEASONABLE and pleasant volumes. A popular English work on the subject was wanted; for the official work lately published by the French government [*ante*, pp. 165, 195] has not circulated very widely in England; and owing, we must say, to the tone in which our neighbors are accustomed to popularize momentous questions and grave exploits—most melodramatic when they ought to be gravest—Algeria has remained, with the generality of readers, a sort of dream-land of romance. It is not merely our insular self-occupation, so sarcastically thrown in our teeth, which has left us comparatively unmoved while hearing of the frightful waste of human life in a struggle, the end of which is not yet begun; but the universal *fanfaronnade* of the French journalists and of the French people—the strange mixture of anecdotes of “fire, famine, and slaughter,” with the Parisian rage for Arab fashions, the realities being all the while beyond our ken. Then Abd-el-Kader, with his vanishings and his reappearances—his energy and his mysterious power, is more like the Maugrabin of some oriental tale of magic, than a flesh-and-blood adversary, whom disciplined troops go forth from the *Place du Carrousel* to do battle with. All these facts, and the consequent impression taken into account, we are glad that Viscount Feilding and Captain Kennedy undertook their journey to Algeria and Tunis a twelvemonth ago, and that the latter has been so prompt in laying the record of their ramble before the public.

It was on the 8th of March that the “*Phénicien*” delivered our tourists at Algiers, to the accommodations of the “*Hôtel de la Regence*,” on the very day of the disastrous explosion of the magazine. Algiers, the captain reminds us, will disappoint those who look for what Eöthen calls “the splendor and havoc of the East,” by its increasing resemblance to a provincial French town, “with arcades and shops, fitted with the latest Parisian fashions.” The Kasbah, however, or fortress in the upper town, where, of old, the Dey was but meanly lodged, bears traces of past dynasties. It can still show its desolate harem, its fountain with twisted columns and inscriptions from the Koran, its empty treasury, rifled of an amount of riches exaggerated into something fabulous. Our British consul, too, Mr. St. John, occupies one of “the finest remaining specimens of Moorish domestic architecture in Algiers,” during the winter and spring months, having merely introduced there the Englishman’s delight and the German’s horror, chimney fires, and turned out divans and cushions for Christian chairs and tables. The flat roof is left, with which an English consul may be trusted: such a trust not being an unimportant one. If the following paragraph be correct, it contains a characteristic trait of the conquerors as well as of the natives:—

“From the second floor a staircase in marble and porcelain leads up to the terraced roof, a delightful lounge in the cool of the evening, after

the exhausting heats of a summer’s day. Upon these terraces it was the custom for the women to appear shortly before sunset to enjoy the evening breezes, without veils, and frequently but slightly clad; the men, by a sort of tacit agreement, not joining them till after dusk, on account of each house-top being overlooked by, and also overlooking the neighboring premises. The infraction of this rule by the French officers on the first occupation of the city, nearly led, in some instances, to very serious results, the feeling of exasperation being much greater at seeing a man peaceably promenading on his own roof, armed with a telescope, than that produced by the actual presence of an invading army within their walls.”

The Arabs principally to be met with in Algiers are, naturally enough, anything but such genuine specimens as travellers love. As noticeable, and far more ridiculous, are the *bedouins* and *muscadins* of “fair France,” when bent upon orientalizing themselves. Dear Sir William—“*Vich Jan Alderman*”—when Highland down to his very calves, “all but the spoon,” (see Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*,) did not cut a more whimsical figure in Holyrood, than a wealthy shopkeeper from the *Chaussée d’Antin* had done in Algiers but a short time before the arrival of our journalists:—

“His first care was to procure a complete Arab dress, in which he sallied forth the morning after his arrival. He came in search of adventures, and he was soon gratified; stalking along he accidentally hustled a couple of French soldiers; he was sworn at, thrashed, and rolled in the mud, as a ‘*S— cochon d’Arabe*,’ lost his purse from having no pockets in his new garments, and was nearly kicked down stairs by the gargon of his hotel, for venturing to enter his own room. Undismayed by these misadventures, he set out the following day, armed to the teeth, to ride to Bleedah, when, half way there, he was seized as a suspicious character, by two Arab gendarmes, for being armed without having a permit, and pretending not to understand Arabic, was disarmed and dismounted, his hands tied behind his back, and fastened to his captor’s stirrup he spent the night on the ground in a wretched hut, with a handful of cuscusoo for supper, and next morning was dragged into Algiers in broad daylight, half dead with fear and fatigue; on being carried before the police he was instantly liberated, and taking advantage of the first packet, returned to France.”

The first move taken from Algiers was in a *diligence* for Bleedah; where Captain Kennedy hoped to procure horses for their further journey. The road is picturesque, but all its surroundings, and many of its passengers, wore the same disconcerting European aspect:—

“Comfortable farm-houses, with stables and offices, have been erected, gardens and fields enclosed, and roads made, connecting the farms with the highway; European ploughs, and implements are seen in the fields, with carts and wagons, made after the national pattern of the French, German or Spanish proprietor. Herds of cattle, and numerous flocks of sheep grazing on the hill-sides, are pleasing evidences of present prosperity.”

It is consolatory to find the Spaniard spoken of as an industrious colonist. Captain Kennedy fell in, too, with Maltese pedlars and Rhinelanders (he says,) but such Rhinelanders, we must add, in qualification, as we are not familiar with; since "well-kept gardens and neat enclosures" do not assuredly belong to those bordering the noble river, howsoever typical they be of the proprietor on the Main. We have, next, something of fresher novelty:—

"It was now near noon, the sun was bright, and being closely packed in the diligence, we were not sorry when on arriving at Bouffarick, a large military station four leagues from Bleedah, we deposited several of our passengers, amongst whom was a soldier belonging to the Zouaves, two companies of which regiment were quartered here. The Zouaves were intended by Marshal Clausel, who raised the corps in 1830, to act the same part in Africa that our Sepoys play in Asia, and were accordingly at first composed entirely of natives, taking their name from a warlike tribe in the vicinity of Constantine. In a short time, however, the enlistment of Frenchmen into the force was encouraged, and at the present time there are but few natives, and their numbers are reducing every year. The uniform is most picturesque—very large wide trowsers of red cloth fastened at the knee, strong leather leggings, laced at the side from the knee to the ankle, shoes, and white gaiters; the jacket is of blue cloth, edged with red, and an arabesque pattern of the same color on either breast; the waistcoat is of the same material, and having no opening in the front, is either slipped on over the head or buttoned at the side; both jacket and waistcoat are cut low, without collars, leaving the neck bare; a blue sash is wound several times round the waist, and the head-dress is a crimson cap, with blue tassel, and a long handkerchief twisted round converts it into a turban."

Bleedah, when reached, is, like Algiers, beginning to assume a Frenchified appearance; the native population is frightfully wasted by the warfare, having shrunk, Captain Kennedy tells us, to a tenth of its old amount. Let us hope that he deals in round numbers! The looked-for horses proved anything rather than such steeds as figure well in sketch or tale—wretched, rat-like creatures, miserably accoutred. The tourists, however, started, under conduct of a jolly guide. The scenery of the land improved as they rode on:—

"With the aid of gunpowder, a rough track has been made close to the river, [Cheeffa,] at present just wide enough to form a horse road, but which, when completed, will be a monument of engineering skill that will bear comparison with the Alpine roads of Europe. If the country continues quiet, it will be finished in about two years. On either hand rise the perpendicular sides of the mountains worn by the action of the water into a thousand fantastic shapes—huge masses of rock fringed with the luxuriant vegetation that springs from every fissure. Each spot, each little ravine that retains sufficient earth, is green with the wild laurel, the juniper, the dwarf oak, and the olive, with here and there some tree of a larger growth that has withstood the storm, firmly planted in its more sheltered nook. The oleander flourishes on each little gravelly bed by the side of the river, and a variety of shrubs and flowering plants, with a profusion of lavender in full bloom, grow on every vacant spot. At our feet the river, slightly swollen and discolored by the melting snow, rushed, as

it were, painfully through its contracted bed, foaming around the misshapen masses that, detached from the rocks above, impede but cannot check its course. Nor do the highest summits of the Atlas omit to send their tribute to add to the beauty of the scenery. Countless streams pour down their sides, and reaching the edge of the valley, fall in cascades from rock to rock till they join the river. At one point of view, where the rocks are steepest and the vegetation most beautiful, five are visible at once. The finest, falls from a precipice of 300 feet, leaping from ledge to ledge, here and there for a moment concealed among the underwood, appearing and reappearing broken into a hundred streamlets that trickle over the mossy surface of the rocks, like threads of silver, until, again united by some broader ledge, they together seek the stream beneath. At noon, a halt of an hour was made, to feed our horses and ourselves; the morning, which had been dull and threatening rain, had given place to a fine afternoon, bright though cold; another half hour's ride carried us out of the valley of the Cheeffa, we having forded the river thirteen times since crossing it in the morning. The real ascent of the lesser Atlas now commenced; the road, which had hitherto followed the course of the running water, now became a winding path cut in the face of the mountain through brushwood and dwarfed trees rarely exceeding ten feet in height. At the southern entrance of the valley we passed a solitary farmhouse, and near it, several limestone quarries that had been opened by the French; the lime seemed of an excellent quality. The strata on the banks of the river had consisted almost entirely of clay slate, and as we ascended, was replaced by a coarse-grained sandstone containing a quantity of fossil shells. After surmounting the first ascent, we crossed an extensive plateau covered with cattle and goats, grazing under the charge of a couple of Arab boys; several uninclosed patches of cultivated ground were also seen at intervals. Another hill, rising before us, still remained to be climbed; and although not very steep, the road was bad. When once on the summit, we were well repaid by the magnificent prospect. Taking a retrospective glance over our two days' journey, east and west nothing was to be seen, save mountain beyond mountain, as far as the eye could reach; to the southward, looking through the gap formed by the Cheeffa, was the broad plain of the Meteejah, bounded by the hills to the westward of Algiers: and beyond all, the dimly defined horizon of the Mediterranean. From hence a short descent brought us into Medeah, where we arrived at half-past three o'clock, our horses not very tired, having carried us the nine leagues much better than could have been supposed from their wretched appearance at starting."

Arrived at Medeah, in spite of its now containing a comfortable French inn, "mirrors and all," there could be no longer much mistake as to the quarter of the globe. When visiting the French officer in command, General Marey, our travellers were introduced to a household favorite of its kind, as peculiar as Prince Puckler Muskau's Abyssinian:—

"In a few minutes the door opened and the lion entered the room, the man only leading him by a tuft of his mane. He was a magnificent animal, two years old, and full grown, all but his mane, which, although only a foot long, made, nevertheless, a respectable appearance; he did not seem to care about our being strangers, but walking

about the room like a large dog, permitted us to take liberties with him, such as patting him, shaking a paw, and making him exhibit his teeth and claws. He showed, however, a marked predilection in favor of his old acquaintances, and lying down before them, turned on his back to be scratched. After a scratch or two, he began to yawn, and was fairly settling himself for a nap, when a cigar was puffed in his face—a proceeding he evidently did not approve of.—Rising in a hurry, curling up his lips, and wrinkling his nose he exposed to view a splendid set of teeth—a sure sign that he was not pleased. A hearty sneeze seemed to restore him to good temper; and bearing no malice, he returned a friendly pat, bestowed upon him by Captain Martenot, who had been the aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly against his knees."

General Marey was a courteous host to his "former enemies;" it was under guidance of his aide-de-camp, Captain Martenot, that they were initiated into "Life among the Bedouens," and the "Wild Sports of the Atlas." After finishing their first day's march towards the Little Desert, while the Arabs were arranging the tent, the tourists managed to bag sundry red-legged partridges, three hares, some rabbits and a snipe. We must pass the interior of the tent, almost as graphically done with the pen, as one of poor Müller's interiors of his Greek resting-places, for matters of yet deeper interest. Cooks, and those interested in purveying, may like to know what "the gentlemen" had for supper:—

"The Kaïd, taking the two enormous dishes of couscoussoo from the women who had brought them up from the foot of the hill, where they had been prepared, placed them himself before us. Couscoussoo, the national dish of Northern Africa, is prepared as follows. Flour is wetted, kneaded into a sort of paste, half dried in the sun, and then granulated by rubbing between the hands; placed again in the sun, the grains become hard, and, when kept in a dry place, remain good for years. When wanted for use it is cooked in the following manner. A large vessel containing water at the bottom, and the meat to be dressed, whatever it may be, is placed on the fire; over this, halfway up, is fixed a perforated plate, on which the couscoussoo is placed, mixed with pepper, spices, vegetables, &c., according to taste and means, sometimes being quite plain; the pot is then covered, and the steam ascending through the holes in the division, confined also by the lid, dresses the couscoussoo, which, when sufficiently done, is turned out into a flattish wooden bowl, with a central leg a foot and a half high. The meat boiled at the bottom is torn into pieces and strewn over the top, often with a handful of soft sugar; the broth is generally thrown away, except a portion, which, mixed with milk, sugar, honey, or butter, is poured into the middle, when the guests have taken their places and are ready to begin; cold milk alone is, however, often used for this purpose. Asking the Kaïd to sit down and eat with us, two parties were formed, one round each dish, and rudely cut wooden spoons, made somewhat after the fashion of a child's spade, being furnished to each person, a series of holes dug to the bottom of the dish soon showed, by their breadth and depth, that the couscoussoo was as good as our appetites."

We may as well add here, that at breakfast the *pièce de resistance* was not unlike the queen's in our "Song of Sixpence," being a preparation of bread

and honey, (with melted butter,) called in Arabic Beghir. The next station was the fort of Boghar, the point whence the tribes of the Little Desert could be the most conveniently visited. It is a strong position, apparently in a picturesque locality, and with the benefit of a healthy climate. On the plain beneath, by the bank of the Cheleeff, a fair is held in the autumn. To this—

"The wandering Bedouens from the desert bring the produce of their herds and flocks, exchanging hides, cheese, butter, and wool, together with dates, skins of wild beasts, ostrich feathers, &c., received from the interior, and the woollen manufactures of the Arab women, for corn, honey, oil, and the few articles of European merchandise they value, such as cutlery and cotton cloths, the sale of arms and ammunition, formerly the principal objects of traffic, having been prohibited by the French. Horses are also sold, and a valuable animal may be picked up by chance. This annual fair is of great value to the French government, as it enables them to collect the tribute which otherwise they could not do from the more distant tribes."

Captain Kennedy gives us, as in duty bound, the legend of the Cheleeff, in which the steepness of its banks is ascribed to the Prophet; who, to punish the churlishness of its borderers towards the daughter of one Sidi-el-Arhibi, when she went thither to draw water, made the stream inaccessible for evermore, according to the approved principles of judicial vengeance! The stream, however, had other eastern accompaniments besides this myth, since the Spahis who escorted the Englishmen, on leaving it, broke out boastfully into a sort of game of *Djeered*, "dashing forward at full speed, flourishing their guns in the air, and shouting 'Fantazia!' 'Fantazia!' as they crossed and re-crossed in every direction." At the mid-day halt, too, they were treated to a sudden thunder-storm. Their sleeping-place, that evening, was the circle of black tents belonging to Ben-Aouda, chief of the tribe of Ouled Mocktar, and Agha of the Little Desert. They had arrived, it appeared, at the very "nick of time," when the tribe were singing, screeching, and discharging fire-arms in honor of the nuptials of the Agha's son. Ben-Aouda, let us observe, as might be imagined from his hospitality to a party under French escort, can be hardly called pure Arab, being one of the renegade chiefs in the pay of France. From certain cunning wrinkles on his forehead, and his cat-like watchfulness, yet apparent indifference, Captain Kennedy predicated that the Agha of the Little Desert was not to be counted upon as an ally to the usurpers for life and death! He seems rich in flocks and herds. "By means of a rough calculation," says our captain, "I estimated the number to be about 3,000 head of various kinds of stock, the camels which I counted amounting to nearly 500, including the young."

The immediate object of the travellers' visit in this direction, was the dahias (or lakes) of the Little Desert:—

"Dates and milk were brought for our breakfast; and at seven o'clock we set out at a smart canter, accompanied by Ben-Aouda's brother and five or six Arabs; the former was mounted on a handsome mare, his bridle and saddle, beautifully embroidered in gold, and ornamented with thin silver plates, contrasted somewhat oddly with a rather dirty white bernous, as did also his bare legs and feet with a pair of gilt stirrups. Passing several other douars and large herds of camels, &c., a ride

of seven miles over the plain brought us to the nearest of the lakes. Nearly dry in summer, in winter and spring they are of some considerable extent, though shallow, and at these seasons covered with innumerable flocks of wild fowl of every description. We visited four, situated within a short distance of each other, the largest about two miles in length by half a mile in breadth, and the smallest, which appeared to be deeper than the others, hardly two hundred yards in diameter. At the upper end of the largest dahlia we found a numerous flock of flamingoes, wading in the shallow water, and marching gravely about like so many soldiers in a white and red uniform. They were too wary to let us come within shot, and the banks of the lake not affording the cover of even a stunted bush, we were obliged to content ourselves with watching their manœuvres, and when, alarmed at our nearer approach, they rose screaming into the air, their long necks extended in front, and legs stretched out behind, gave them the appearance of sticks borne along by enormous wings at a rapid rate. As they passed overhead, a ball fired into the midst changed the direction of their flight, and as each bird turned from its course the beautiful crimson of its glossy plumage shone more brilliant than before; then, after circling twice round, each time higher and higher, as if unwilling to leave a favorite spot, they darted off in a direct line towards another of the lakes some miles distant. We fired a few shots at the water-fowl scattered over the lakes in great number, but they were shy, and very little execution was done among them. On the way back to the douar, several birds of the bustard species were fallen in with, and three shot."

Returning from this interesting ramble, the English gentlemen found no want of diversion, since the wedding festivities afore-mentioned had not yet come to an end, and their discretion in scrupulously abstaining from prying and peeping, was rewarded by an invitation to the ball:—

"A curtain drawn across the door of the tent concealed the bride, who, closely veiled, sat within, surrounded by women. On the outside, between four and five hundred people were collected, and a clear space was kept in the middle for the dancers by two men with drawn swords, who vigorously applied, right and left, the flat of the blade to all who pressed too forward. On one side of the ring squatted the band, consisting of two men, with instruments like flageolets, and a drummer who occasionally accompanied the music with his voice. In the centre was a middle-aged woman, dressed in the usual dark blue cotton garments, but decked with all her ornaments—ear-rings, bracelets, and a necklace, to which sundry charms and amulets, teeth of wild beasts, verses of the Koran sewn up in little bags, and various other odds and ends, considered as protections from the evil eye, were suspended; a large circular brooch of silver or white metal (the same in form as those used by the Scotch Highlanders) confined the loose folds across her bosom; and a small looking-glass, set in metal, dangled conveniently at the end of a string of sufficient length to allow of her admiring her charms in detail. Her face was uncovered, and her features were harsh and disagreeable, except the eyes, which were large and expressive, with that peculiar lustrous appearance, given by the use of mineral paint. Her feet were hardly visible from the length of her dress, and her finger-nails, together with the palms of her hands, were stained

with henna. As soon as we had taken our stand in the front row, the music, which had ceased for a few minutes, struck up, and the lady in the midst commenced her performances; inclining her head languishingly from side to side, she beat time with her feet, raising each foot alternately from the ground with a jerking action, as if she had been standing on a hot floor, at the same time twisting about her body, with a slow movement of the hands and arms. Several others succeeded her, and danced in the same style, with an equal want of grace. A powerful inducement to exert themselves was not wanting, for one of them more than once received some tolerably severe blows, both from a stick and the flat of the sword; what the reason was I do not know, but suppose that either she was lazy or danced badly. While the dancing was going on the spectators were not idle; armed with guns, pistols, and blunderbusses with enormous bell mouths, an irregular fire was kept up. Advancing a step or two into the circle, so as to show off before the whole party, an Arab would present his weapon at a friend opposite, throwing himself into a graceful attitude, then suddenly dropping the muzzle at the instant of pulling the trigger, the charge struck the ground close to the feet of the person aimed at. After each report the women set up a long continued shrill cry of *lu-lu*, *lu-lu*, and the musicians redoubled their efforts. The advance of one man is usually the signal for others to come forward at the same time, all anxious to surpass their friends and neighbors in dexterity and grace. Ten or a dozen men being crowded into a small space, sometimes not more than six paces wide, brandishing their arms, and, excited by the mimic combat, firing often at random, it is not to be wondered at if accidents happen occasionally to the actors or bystanders."

We know not where we can better stop than at this point: which also enables us to close our notice of the visit to Ben-Aouda. One word more with regard to a subject imperfectly understood:—

"Arab hospitality, of which in England we have such exaggerated notions, is not of that romantic kind which refuses to receive a recompense from those who can afford it. The Agha would most certainly not have accepted, and probably would have been much offended, if we had offered him money as payment for the expense of entertaining our party, but he would have been equally disappointed if we had taken our departure without (as we were informed was the proper etiquette) giving a present to a servant, who, when the guests are gone, hands it over to his master."

So that the custom of "vails," after all, originally came, (what did not come!) from the East! We shall, of course, return to these amusing volumes.

PEACE WITH THE SIKHS.

It never rains but it pours, in the shape of victory. Each extraordinary express from India now comes fraught with such ordinary news. And however gigantic the efforts requisite to overcome the resistance of a military people like the Sikhs, we

Who live at home at ease,

take their defeat and subjugation as a matter of course. We are, however, right glad to learn that the pluck of the Sikhs has been beaten down, that their chiefs treat, and that the young Maha-

raja is safe in the British camp. For these same Sikhs, who seemed to have little left to learn of the art of war, were learning this little fast. In each successive action the numbers were more equal, and yet the Sikhs fought as stubbornly, and left victory as long undecided in the last as in the first. The defence of the thirty thousand Sikhs and their diminished number of guns at Sobraon was fully as formidable as that at Ferozeshah. No batteries could have been better planned, or manned, or fought, and the capture of them seems to have surprised both parties. The Sikhs had made no facilities for escape, and there can be no more frightful scene than the river full of the fugitives, with grape playing on their devoted heads.

But what is to be done with the Punjaub? Of our daily contemporaries, one is loud in its praises of the moderation of Sir Henry Hardinge, because he consents to leave little Duleep Singh nominal Rajah of the Sikhs, his treasury drawn upon for a million and a half, his fortresses occupied for four or five years, a resident stationed at Lahore, and other conditions equally stringent imposed upon him. Another of our contemporaries admits, and more than admits, the moderation, and is indignant thereat, thinking that the Punjaub ought to have been made, like Wales, part and parcel of the British empire, to be governed by justices of the peace and lord-lieutenants of counties. We fear much that both our contemporaries are equally wrong in what they agree upon and in what they differ.

As to Sir Henry Hardinge's moderation, it will create a smile on the lips of all those acquainted with our gradual and covert mode of absorbing Indian princes and empires, allying with them one day, protecting them the next, merely for the purpose of swallowing them with more facility the third. In fact, Indian princes pass through three processes in our political mill ere they are completely and definitively ground to powder. Duleep Singh is now only going through the first squeeze, poor little fellow; but he is not the less between the millstones. Sir Henry Hardinge does his spiriting gently as Sir Charles Napier did the same roughly. Yet we will be bound to say that the treatment of the two will come to pretty much the same result in time.

We have therefore no hymn to sing to moderation, nor yet an anathema to fling upon military modesty and over-forgiveness. We have been the most glorious and most successful robbers that the East ever saw. We could not help it certainly. And as government is but little the gainer by it, we may conceive its reluctance. But the old policy perpetuates itself in the public as in the private doings of this world; and we know that the thief, if he would not starve, must keep on thieving to the end of the chapter.

These, however, are large considerations of morality quite out of season for the present. The only question is the policy of what Sir Henry Hardinge has done; and his seems the policy of necessity. He might have conquered the Punjaub; but we do not see how he could have governed it without the aid of the Sikhs themselves. Unless, indeed, the inferior chiefs would have consented to rule under us, we do not see how we could have organized a government, or collected revenue, within any period, that would have indemnified us for past expenses, and secured us against

future ones. We know from experience that the consequence of sweeping away the upper classes and the smaller functionaries from a conquered country in India, and the replacing of all these by Europeans, is a work of such time, that it requires a number of years ere it settles into any organization at all, and ere it produces any amount of surplus revenue. Sir Henry Hardinge is therefore acting the wise steward as well as the brave general. He is stripping off a few of his laurels merely to fill his pockets with more quiet and effect, and he allows the pageant of an Indian sovereign to remain on a throne where the presence of a British force must forever overshadow it.

It is possible that the governor-general was influenced in his conduct by the contingencies which might arise in another hemisphere. A war with America were better not commenced till that on the Indus terminated. Then we are most anxious to set the French and Russians an example of moderation.

How far we may be sincere in this, and how far we may succeed, is one matter. But whatever sentiments we may excite in Europe by our moderation after victory, we cannot but have created also very salutary ones by the right royal way in which we gained these victories. The British are most reluctant to war, and therefore in general most unprepared; but it has been pretty well shown in this campaign, that want of preparation does not daunt the courage or neutralize the efforts of the British soldier; and that however outnumbered or surprised, he is right able to fight himself with the bayonet out of all odds and every difficulty.—*Examiner*, 6th April.

PUNCH TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

LINCOLN, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
Though in the way it be,
Oh stand up for it now.
Still let its shade expand
Where, round the social pot,
The Hansom cabmen stand—
Oh, Lincoln, harm it not!

If every ancient tree,
Because its green 's grown brown,
Scrubbed up, perforce, must be,
What is there mayn't come down?
Though barren all it looks,
Both head and heart unsound;
Oh! think upon the dukes,
And leave it in the ground!

You ought to draw it mild,
You ought, upon my word;
For cutting down you're wild,—
Protection is the word.
The Piccadilly tree,
The burden on the land,
Is old,—so let it be,
Though in the way it stand!

Thy sire, great Clumber's King,
Thou'rt certain to offend—
His son do such a thing!—
The world draws to an end!
Old laws, old dukes, old trees,
Delay, decay, dry-rot—
Let Peel do as he please,
But, Lincoln, harm them not!

From the Examiner.

The Life of the Right Hon. George Canning. By ROBERT BELL, Author of the "History of Russia," "Lives of English Poets," &c., &c. (*Monthly Series.*) Chapman & Hall.

ONE is surprised that such a book as this should not have been written until now. Statesmen seldom meddle with the lives of statesmen. Too many of the secrets of the craft drop through in such undertakings. But a tribute to the memory of Canning seemed due from men of letters. He was the solitary instance in modern English statesmanship of a man who, mainly by his brilliant attainments, and at last in the very teeth of aristocratic influences, forced his way to the highest office in the state from a comparatively low condition. And his love and addiction to literature were more continuously manifest in him than any of his other good qualities.

The writer gives you to understand this, very pleasantly, throughout his memoir. It is not a dry disquisition of politics. It is George Canning as well as the Right Honorable. The house of commons and the foreign office, in opposition or in power, have due attention; but not to the exclusion of those tastes and habits in private society, where the accomplished wit and conversationalist was seldom in opposition and always in power. In the different impressions made by Canning on his contemporaries, may be seen, we think, the influence of his private as opposed to that of his public character. In private his humor was easy and graceful; there, as Landor has somewhere said of him, "his arrows were placed with the point downward," attracting all and wounding none; and his ingenious and unstudied manners preserved to the last not a little of the frolic and festivity of the schoolboy author of the *Microcosm*. Unhappily what he mostly carried of the schoolboy into public, was his indifference as to whom he offended. There too, it must not be denied, he suffered vanities and resentments to sway him with extraordinary recklessness between principles directly opposed; and there is probably no instance of a statesman whose memory is so remarkably associated with the assertion of large general principles, and with the defence of petty individual oppressions.

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From the Examiner.

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"The closing years of her life were spent in retirement at her house in Henrietta street, Bath; where she died, after a lingering illness, in her eighty-first year, on the 27th of March, 1827. Her son paid his last visit to her sick room on the 7th of the preceding January, the day after the Duke of York's funeral, where he caught the cold, which, acting on a frame shattered by anxiety, laid the foundation of his last fatal illness; and he, who was so attached to her while living, in five months followed her to the grave."

We subjoin two passages of a more miscellaneous kind, which will indicate the general method and style of the Memoir.

THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

"When the *Anti-Jacobin* was started, the available talent of the reform party, in and out of parliament, greatly preponderated over that of its opponents. An engine was wanted that should make up, by the destructiveness of its explosions, for the lack of more numerous resources. That engine was planned by Mr. Canning, who saw the necessity for it clearly. But it required a rougher hand than his to work it—one, too, not likely to wince from mud or bruises. The author of the *Baviad*, and *Mæviad*, was exactly the man—hard, coarse, inexorable, unscrupulous. He brought with him into this paper a thoroughly brutal spirit; the personalities were not merely gross and wanton, but wild, ribald, slaughtering: it was the dissection of the shambles. Such things had their effect, of course, at the time, and they were written for their effect; but they exhibit such low depravity and baseness—violating so flagrantly all truth, honor, and decency, for mere temporary party objects, that we cannot look upon them now without a shudder. Fox was assailed in this journal as if he were a highwayman. His peaceful retirement at St. Anne's Hill was invaded with vulgar jibes, and unintelligible buffoonery; Coleridge, Lamb, and others were attacked with extravagant personal hostility; and there was not an individual distinguished by respectability of character in the ranks of the reformers, who was not mercilessly tarred and feathered the moment he ventured into public. Such was literally the *Weekly Anti-Jacobin*; but time, which has bestowed so much celebrity upon it, has also made an equitable distinction in the verdict. The scurrility which, at the moment of publication, stung the town to madness, has long since lost all power of exciting attention; it sank into oblivion with its subjects, the wonder and contempt of a day. The prose papers, written in the ferocious vein of the Jacobins, whose criminalities they scourged, are gone down into darkness, and nothing has survived of the *Anti-Jacobin* but its ethereal spirit, in the shape of its poetical burlesques and *jeux d'esprit*. That spirit was animated by Mr. Canning. His responsibility was always understood to be confined to the airy and sportive articles, for he cannot be suspected of having intermeddled with the lower necessities of the work. It is to his contributions, assisted by his personal friends, that the *Anti-Jacobin* is indebted for being still remembered and talked of; and some of them—not all—are worthy of the distinction."

CANNING'S LITERARY TASTES.

"Canning's passion for literature entered into all his pursuits. It colored his whole life. Every

moment of leisure was given up to books. He and Pitt were passionately fond of the classics; and we find them together of an evening, after a dinner at Pitt's, poring over some old Grecian in a corner of the drawing-room, while the rest of the company are dispersed in conversation. Fox had a similar love of classical literature, but his wider sympathies embraced a class of works in which Pitt never appears to have exhibited any interest. Fox was a devourer of novels; and into this region Mr. Canning entered with gusto. In English writings his judgment was pure and strict; and no man was a more perfect master of all the varieties of composition. He was the first English minister who banished the French language from our diplomatic correspondence, and vindicated before Europe the copiousness and dignity of our native tongue. He had a high zest for the early vigorous models, in all styles, and held in less estimation the more ornate and refined. Writing to Scott about the 'Lady of the Lake,' he says, that on a repeated perusal he is more and more delighted with it; but that he wishes he could induce him to try the effect of 'a more full and sweeping style'—to present himself 'in a Drydenic habit.' His admiration of Dryden, whom he pronounced to be 'the perfection of harmony,' and his preference of that poet of gigantic mould over the melodists of the French school, may be suggested as an evidence of the soundness and strength of his judgment.

"Yet it is remarkable, that with this broad sense of great faculties in others, he was himself fastidious to excess about the slightest turns of expression. He would correct his speeches, and amend their verbal graces, till he nearly polished out the original spirit. He was not singular in this. Burke, whom he is said to have closely studied, did the same. Sheridan always prepared his speeches; the highly-wrought passages in the speech on Hastings' impeachment were written before-hand and committed to memory; and the differences were so marked, that the audience could readily distinguish between the extemporaneous passages and those that were premeditated. Mr. Canning's alterations were frequently so minute and extensive, that the printers found it easier to re-compose the matter afresh in type than to correct it. This difficulty of choice in diction sometimes springs from *l'embarras des richesses*, but oftener from poverty of resources, and generally indicates a class of intellect which is more occupied with costume than ideas. But here are three instances which set all popular notions on this question of verbal fastidiousness by the ears; for certainly Burke, Canning, and Sheridan were men of capacious talents; and two of them, at least, present extraordinary examples of imagination and practical judgment, running together neck and neck in the race of life to the very goal."

To the very goal, it is certain, whatever may be thought of the implied comparison with Burke, Canning's literary tastes accompanied him. The *Microcosm* and *Anti-Jacobin* lingered round him to the last. There is no better or more whimsical illustration of it, among the many this book presents, than the despatch in which, a year before his death, he announced to our ambassador at the Hague his determination to bring the Dutch minister Falk to a more reasonable spirit of reciprocity in his tariffs, by an imposition on our part of increased retaliatory duties. Sir Charles was in attendance at the Dutch court when Canning's

despatch was hastily put into his hand. It was in cipher, very short, and evidently very urgent. Poor Sir Charles had not the key of the cipher with him; and afterwards amusingly described the anxiety he underwent till he had reached home and deciphered the following extraordinary State Paper.

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch,
Is giving too little and asking too much;
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.
Twenty per cent.,
Twenty per cent.,
Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.
GEORGE CANNING.

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING—1845.

MEEK daughter of a rude and stormy sire,
Lovely in smiles, but lovelier in thy tears!
Thy beauty but recalls the vain desire,
The baffled hope of long-forgotten years.
The gems thou lovest to wear are still the same,
Their forms as various, and their hues as bright.
Thou art not changed. It is this wasted frame,
The laboring pulse, the eye that shuns the light,
The faltering step, the indifference to fame,
Time's desolating march too feelingly proclaim.

Season of joy, and melody, and love,
When Nature, crown'd and garlanded with
flowers,
Walks forth, a rustic queen, through field and
grove,
Or decks with living pomp her fairest bowers!
The young may woo thee for thy sparkling mien,
And lover-like thy youthful charms adore;
But thou wilt early fall, as I have seen
Too many of thy kindred fall before,
Whose loveliness and grace no power could save—
While summer looks, unmoved, upon her rival's
grave.

Spectator.

SWYNFEN JERVIS.

MR. ANGAS' PICTURES OF NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.—This is the most interesting exhibition of the season. Such information as the Chinese collection afforded us of the Celestial Empire, and as Mr. Catlin's exhibition did of the North American Indians, does Mr. Angas' collection give us of the aborigines of New Zealand and Australia. In the course of three years' travel through these and other countries, during which the artist penetrated the interior and lived among the natives, his pencil was never idle; and every scene or person at all characteristic that met his eye was painted on the spot. This gives a freshness and spirit of truth to Mr. Angas' pictures; and these rare and valuable qualities are not obtained at the expense of art; on the contrary, the coloring is harmonious, and the finish remarkable, though without too much labor. The number of the water-color drawings is so great that we cannot attempt to give a detailed account of them; we must be content with stating, that nearly all the principal chiefs of New Zealand—including the renowned John Heki and the infamous Rauperaha and Ranghiaeta, with other celebrated characters—are portrayed with minute fidelity; and the picturesque costumes and scenery of the islands, as well as the dwellings of the natives, are depicted with vivid force and exactness. The

most striking peculiarities of the country and aborigines of Australia are likewise sketched with care and vigor; but the repulsive physiognomy of the Australasian natives—the lowest in the scale of humanity—renders this portion of the collection less attractive, though equally curious. The views in both these countries are mostly striking from their peculiar character, which appears to have been preserved with conscientious fidelity in every case; and the drawings of plants, insects, birds, &c., are exquisitely finished.

Besides these pictures, which fill about three hundred frames, some containing four or more sketches, Mr. Angas has brought home a little museum of curiosities: native weapons, utensils, implements, dresses, carvings, and models of canoes, specimens of birds, minerals, &c., which completely fill one of the largest rooms in the Egyptian Hall. Mr. Angas is about to publish colored fac-similes of his drawings, with descriptions, in two large works, one illustrative of New Zealand and the other of Australia.

DR. THIBERT'S COLORED MODELS.—A remarkable exhibition, of unique character, has recently opened at the Cosmorama Rooms in Regent street; consisting of a numerous and curious collection of colored models, or pictures in relief, formed by Dr. Thibert; who has employed a new and durable material, invented, we believe, by himself.

The collection is divided into two separate and distinct portions, arranged in different rooms. One portion, of a popular nature, calculated to please the eye with a sense of illusory imitation, is composed of groups of fruit, fish, birds, &c., modelled in high relief, and colored to imitate the realities; each group being attached to a painted background and framed, so as to be that monstrous creation of vulgar art, a picture in relief. The other, and infinitely more curious and valuable portion, is an extensive museum of pathology; comprising models, cast from nature and colored to the life—or rather death—of almost every local disease incidental to humanity. The morbid appearances of every part of the human frame, external and internal, are imitated with scientific accuracy and artistic skill.

The material of which Dr. Thibert's models are formed is neither wax nor plaster, but a substance hard and not brittle, and which receives oil paint, so that nothing short of actual violence can injure them, and they may be washed if need be.

Some models on a large scale of highly magnified representations of veins, arteries, nerves, the hair, and some of the tissues of the body, are so generally interesting, that we would suggest their being removed into the room where the picturesque models are; as ladies cannot enter the museum of anatomy.

A SURE CAPTURE.—We recommend the following plan to Louis-Philippe as an infallible one for taking Abd-el-Kader. Let his majesty get the Arab chief to accept a bill—the larger the sum the better; and put it into the hands of Levy. If that illustrious sheriff's officer does not capture Abd-el-Kader the very day it falls due, we will pay the amount and costs ourselves.—Punch.

SOME few years ago, the Fourteenth Light Dragoons went to India, six hundred strong. In less than six years they returned to this country, a skeleton of thirty-three men and three officers.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE LAST BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

ABOUT seven o'clock on the fourteenth of last month, my friend, the fidgetty old Countess de Popincourt, already flounced and beturbaned, bejewelled, pearl-powdered, and rouged, entered my drawing-room at the hotel where I was staying, and where I was quietly finishing my solitary dinner, and helping out digestion with Dumas' last novel, never dreaming that my fidgetty friend was serious in the threat which she had uttered in the morning of coming to fetch me to accompany her to the monster ball at the Tuileries.

"Now, this is too bad," she exclaimed, in a sort of comical rage, at perceiving my surprise at her appearance at this early hour; "who but a cold, phlegmatic, greedy Englishwoman could be thinking of eating and drinking at a moment like this! Up—quick—get ready, for Heaven's sake! we shall be late as it is."

"It cannot surely yet be time!" I said, in guilty alarm.

"Look, unbeliever," said the countess, as she drew aside the curtain of the window looking into the Rue de Rivoli, and disclosed to view the endless line of dazzling lamps, appended to carriages waiting *à la file* almost as far as the Champs Elysées! I was dumb-founded; but there was no time to waste in excuses, and I hastened to finish my toilet, (begun, by the way, at two o'clock in the day, for the coiffeur had no other hour disengaged, which alone ought to have excited my suspicions,) while the dear fidgetty old countess betook herself quietly to the walnuts and oranges on the table, and also to the last volume of "Monte Christo," which I had left upon the sofa.

I absolutely hated her as I withdrew, shivering, to my room, to undergo the miseries of dressing, which consisted in replacing my warm *peignoir* by a low, thin dress, with short sleeves, which made my teeth chatter as I gazed upon it. However, "needs must when —," and the sharp voice of my fidgetty friend was certainly more shrill than ever, as she called out every now and then, "Allons, dépêchons-nous!" "Allons, ne nous arrivons pas!" In less time than it would have taken me in England to put on my bonnet and shawl, did I find myself fully equipped, and in a few minutes seated side-by-side with the countess, waiting patiently at the tail of a long line of fellow-sufferers, which now seemed to have lengthened, in a straight direction, as far as the Barrière de St. Etoile, while from every cross-street flowed a tributary stream of carriages, swelling the tide, which crept onwards with tedious slowness towards the gate of the palace. This latter point once gained, however, the rest became an easy task, and we were soon set down in the grand vestibule to the left of the clock tower, from whence, disencumbered of our wraps, we entered a kind of *salle d'attente*, to which a line of business-looking desks, with spruce clerks behind, gave the air of a *cabinet d'affaires*. We presented our invitations to one of these gentlemen, who, having verified the names therein with those upon his books, allowed us to pass, and we ascended the grand staircase. The gallery, lighted by a thousand tapers, (aided by five hundred lamps fed with oil, by the way,) is, I think, one of the finest sights which can be presented by any palace in Europe, and I would willingly have lingered long to admire the grandeur of the scene, but the fidgetty tormentor hurried me forward. She had no eye

for the picturesque, and leaving all the splendors of the gallery to the contemplation of the crowd by which it was already filled, she passed, with nervous agitation, into the *salle des maréchaux*, where, uttering a low cry, she scudded along the polished oaken floor, swiftly and noiselessly, as though she had been borne on air, and sank upon the raised bench nearest the door of the throne-room, exclaiming,

"Heavens be praised! this seat has been in my mind's eye the whole day long: during my nap after dinner I dreamt of it, and we have got it at last! Little did I think, when I found you at seven o'clock quietly eating, that we should be so fortunate as to secure it after all!"

I was not long in perceiving the justness of her fears, for scarcely had we taken our seats when the room began to fill, and I could desery many an envious glance directed towards us by the initiated, as they passed, vexed and disappointed, to seek some less favored position.

It was nearly half-past eight before the lighting-up of the rooms was completed; and yet, by that time, had the company increased to such a dense mass, that it was impossible for those unable to procure seats to remain standing in one spot; they were compelled, like the damned souls in the "Hall of Eblis," to wander up and down, jostled hither and thither in restless misery, or driven forward by the pressure of others miserable as themselves.

It was curious to observe the contrast afforded by the different groups as they passed before us in this Sabbath-round. Costumes of all countries, uniforms of all ranks, were there—the glittering jacket and embroidered fez of the Egyptian jostled the sober green of the academician; the Hungarian tunic and braided dolman threaded their way among whole knots of the glaring scarlet coats and gold epaulettes of English officers.

At nine o'clock there was a bustle to be observed about the throne-room, and presently an officer, by great effort and literally *à force de bras*, made a passage wide enough to admit two persons abreast, (provided they were thin.) Many were the fearful consequences of this imprudent measure; some of the standing gentry literally rolled upon the knees of the fair occupants of the benches, and the fat son of Ibrahim Pacha quietly sat himself down upon the lap of the countess, until the termination of the struggle, then rose, and without any apology walked away. It was in the midst of this *bazarre*, this pushing, hauling, screaming, laughing scene, (for the French never lose their good-humor,) that the royal family entered, looking as noble and benevolent as every royal family ought to look, and bowing and smiling graciously right and left, as, by dint of great address and patience, they managed to thread their way to the benches allotted to them. Immediately at their heels poured in the whole squadron of the ambassadors—*ma foi!* they were left to fight for it, and so they did most valiantly, until they all got seated except one; nobody could tell me from what court this little ambassador had come; but there he stood, for some time, without the pale of (his) society, far from the company of his peers, in warlike attitude, leaning against the doorway, unable to advance or recede a single step! As soon as the royal party were seated, the music struck up, and the first quadrille was formed. The eight youthful members of the royal family composed one side of the quadrille.

It was a pleasant sight to behold the kind-heart-

ed ease and gaiety with which the king seemed to participate it the inspiration of the scene, nodding his head in time to the music, and watching the movements of the dancers with evident delight. Every now and then he would stoop down and whisper some remark in the ear of Madame Adelaide, which she in her turn would communicate to her neighbor, and the smiles and nods would run along the whole bench in assent to the king's observation. The king may well be proud of his family—the finest royal house in Europe. Healthy and vigorous, both in mind and body, they are moreover “handsome enough to be the children of some poor lieutenant.” Even the *Bonapartiste enragée* at my elbow was forced to confess this. To me there was immense interest in watching the progress of this royal quadrille, and I was led to follow the theory of that German philosopher, who defers his judgment of a man until he has seen him dance! Here there was ample food for speculation, and the future government of France might be studied in the diversity of capers and *jeté-batues* of the future regency. The Duke de Nemours gliding with timid and embarrassed step—hesitating—retreating through the mazes of the unattainable pastoral, smiling good-humoredly at his own awkwardness, yet shrinking from the smiles of others, gave me the idea of a man of clever and satirical humor, yet of such strangely timid nature, that he would never dare incur criticism, even that of those whom he might despise. Rely upon it, the press will be shackled during his “regency;” the Tuileries closed against the inspection of strangers—yes, the *en avant deux* so badly executed makes me fear that there will be more retrograde than advancement during his government—mind, I am speaking entirely according to the theory of the German philosopher.

The Duc d'Aumale shuffles somewhat in his short unequal steps; he hurries in the figures, and has to wait until the measure is completed. The war in Algiers will continue, but Abd el Kader will not be taken; there will be boldness in the mighty plans, but too great precipitation, and no discretion (“the better part of valor”) in the execution.

The Duc de Montpensier walks leisurely and with something like indifference through the intricate mazes of the dance, nevertheless his eyes wander right and left, seeing who is gazing at his movements, and the deep sigh when all is over, expresses plainly that he was greatly worried at this public display, and that he is inwardly thankful to the gods that it was no worse. He will be ever studious of appearances, keeping aloof from observation; caution and prudence will be the characteristics of his counsels. How angry was I that Joinville was not there! I should have loved to know by my theory whether poor England would run great risk in case of his projected attack, and whether the Gomer would ever come up the Thames. I could have told it at once had I seen him *sisol* and *balancé*.

The princesses are all, without exception, charming. The Princess Clementine, by her fair comely figure and fine open countenance, presented a striking contrast to the fairy-like form of the Duchess d'Aumale, who glided about a very sylph, scarcely seeming to touch the ground. There is a strong likeness to Louis Philippe in the Princess Clementine, everything about her—hair, eyes, complexion, all partake of the same rich nature. There is gaiety and good-humor in every look, and yet, when she began to dance, I could tell in a moment

that her petticoats had no mean share in the household government.

Now come we to the pearl, the flower of princesses, the *enfant gâtée* of the family—the fair Princess de Joinville—who realizes all our childhood's dreams of the king's daughters in the fairy tales! She is, indeed, lovely, and it was no wonder to see the queen and her royal spouse bend forward to catch a glimpse of her graceful form as the dance led her now and then far from where they were seated. There is an impassioned melancholy expressed in her beautiful countenance which interests the beholder, and makes him sad in spite of himself. There was a touching remembrance of her clime and country in the wreath of cactus which bound her forehead, and in the bunch of the same rich and scentless flower which adorned her bosom; there was memory of the tropics, too, in the dark braids of hair brought low upon the brow, and in the undulating carriage, the elastic tread, which can never be lost by the daughters of her country, or acquired by Europeans. Her dancing was all in harmony with her style of beauty; and I could tell all the scorn and fire of her character by the very manner in which she gave her hand to her partner—it was a gesture worthy of Queen Cleopatra. My companion, whose acquaintance with the royal family enables her to judge with accuracy, told me that my “theory” was correct in this instance.

“The princess is quite an *originale*,” said she: “hers was a *mariage d'inclination*, and when the prince left her to go on his famous expedition, she was inconsolable, remaining for several hours each day seated under a certain tree in the park of St. Cloud, with her head and face covered according to the fashion of the widows of her country—without speech, without motion, resisting every effort made by her kind-hearted sisters to comfort her. The king laughed at the childish sorrow, and said it would soon pass away; but the queen sighed. Her exclamation I shall never forget, ‘*Hélas, la pauvre enfant! She has yet to learn that life is not one long bright holiday!*’ It was her husband's command alone which had power to rouse her from this apathy of grief. She sought occupation and diversion according to his wishes, but she would not appear in public until his return.”

Originale! I should think she was, indeed, in France! The other side of the quadrille presented a strange mixture; those who by dint of pushing and elbowing a passage through the crowd had succeeded in obtaining a place, were now in their turn condemned to undergo the inspection of those left to repose, and it was a curious study to observe how this scrutiny was borne—the precipitation of some, the languor and mincing gait of others. It must have been a severe trial to those engaged, for none seemed at their ease. There was but one individual upon whom neither the presence of royalty nor the tittering of the crowd, nor the heat, nor the pressure, seemed to have the least effect, M. D—, the terror of all the youthful candidates for waltz or quadrille, he who is known by the *sobriquet* of the “marquis.”

With him dancing has long ceased to be a pastime—it has become a passion, a *furor*. Sometimes he grows pale with the frantic efforts which he is compelled to make in order to give full effect to his bold *entrechats*. His attire is that worn by the courtiers of Marie Antoinette. Upon this occasion it consisted of a violet-colored velvet coat, richly embroidered in gold, a brocaded waistcoat

covered with gold flowers, a lace cravat with floating ends and broad lace ruffles, white silk knee-breeches and stockings, with large paste buckles to his high-heeled shoes. It was with the greatest difficulty that the ladies could keep their serious looks, and I observed them, every now and then, retreat behind their fans to conceal the mirth to which his extraordinary antics gave rise. I pitied, with all my heart, the poor girl whose ill-fate and ignorance had led her to accept him for a partner. She seemed ready to sink into the earth with shame and vexation, and the tears were starting to her eyes while "the marquis" was making her pirouette and jump until she was quite exhausted.

The whole scene appeared greatly to divert the king, who once or twice rose from his seat to gaze at the extraordinary feats of agility performed by "the marquis," laughing heartily as he spoke to the queen, evidently giving her a description of the wonderful performance; and all this time "the marquis," enchanted to be the object of so much attention, frisked and capered yet the more. This singular individual is one of the lions of the ball-rooms of Paris, and I have seen him dance the *cachouca* with unwearied perseverance, doing honor to *seven encores* in one evening, in obedience to the well-feigned admiration of some of the merciless wags of the company. Last season he danced almost every evening a dance of his own composition in the costume of Solomon the Great, accompanying himself on the *tambour de basque*. His contortions in this *pas seul* were absolutely frightful, and I was glad to learn that he is henceforward to abandon this *chef-d'œuvre par ordonnance de médecine*. His passion for the art of dancing has lately even stood in the way of his advancement. Rich and independent, and wishing for political distinction, he stood forth as candidate at the last election. His position in the department, his wealth, his opinions, his family, all were approved of by the electors, and he was on the point of being chosen, when, in an unlucky hour, overcome by the emotion caused by the event, he breathed forth his whole soul to the deputation of farmers and *maîtres de forge*, sent to address him, and swore to them upon his honor that his only motive for getting into the chamber was to relieve the abject state in which he found them, with regard to the holy science of *dancing*. He vowed that schools should be established, prizes should be *danced* for, professors instituted, and that this noble art should be retrieved from the neglect into which it had fallen! Judge of the surprise of the farmers and *maîtres de forge*: they walked away without uttering a word, and in the evening a *charivari* of miners announced, with uncouth capers, that his rival was elected.

When the quadrille was over, the company retreated, seeking an issue into the throne-room, where refreshments were in readiness; and that motion of the crowd, so unpleasant to the lookers-on, began before us.

The glare of light, the drowsy hum, the over-stretched attention in a ball-room, always combine to give me a feeling of melancholy which I cannot describe, and upon this occasion it was rendered more invincible still by the associations which the very place conjured up. In spite of myself, I was led back to the memory of the terrific scenes which had passed in that very spot, where now all seemed so bright and gay; and as the tears rushed to my eyes, I could not help expressing to my little friend my astonishment that people could dance and make

merry in the very place where such dramas had been enacted, even in their own remembrance.

"Bah! we are not a retrospective people," returned she, rapping the lid of her snuff-box; "we neither learn nor forget; to us experience is of little value."

She paused, while her sparkling eyes wandered over the company, and suddenly seizing my wrist, she exclaimed, "Besides, there are dramas as terrible and deadly now performing beneath our eyes, if we did but choose to study them. Now, look around. I would lay you a wager that out of the five thousand individuals assembled here, there is not one whose history would not furnish forth the subject of a romance if the truth, the *whole* truth, were known by some—would give us goodly materials for a tragedy, may be, and a deadly one, too."

Her eye glanced towards the fair lady and the elderly gentleman who were passing through into the gallery, and I was just going to ask their names, when she was accosted by a horrid old fright in shabby and antique costume, an ugly, pock-marked, beetle-browed *cuistre*, who, with a low bow and lamentable voice, asked news of her "*chère santé*," and then hobbled off—too late, however, for the objects of my attention were already lost to sight.

"I hope you observed the person who just now spoke to me," said the countess: "he is very remarkable."

"Yes, for ugliness."

"Just so," returned she, drily, "and for other things besides; he is the last knight of Malta now in existence."

"Indeed! but I dislike him nevertheless; he has, I am sure, prevented my hearing one of the interesting tales you were just going to tell me."

"Bah! how do you know that?" exclaimed she, looking me in the face so sharply that my eyelids winked again.

"Why, you talked of deadly tragedies, of fearful dramas, and you looked *twice* towards a fair lady and an elderly gentleman."

"Ah, true, true, M. and Madame de Versac, who passed us just now."

"What! they are not lovers, then?"

"Psha, they have been wedded these twenty years!"

"*N'importe!* I know their story is interesting, and but for that old fright, you would have told it now."

"And who tells you that the history of 'that old fright' is not just as interesting as that of the Versacs?"

"Perhaps even more so."

"At this moment, for it was here on this very spot—*tenez*, you would almost be *in love* with that 'old fright,' if you were but to learn his history."

"Oh, tell it then by all means," exclaimed I, laughing; "the age of miracles may be renewed in my favor."

"You may laugh," resumed the countess, speaking this time seriously, "but so it is, and the peace of mind of that old fright, as you are pleased to call him, might create the greatest envy in many who now seem so much more gay and happy than himself. He is the Baron de Caudys, and you must believe me, in preference to the evidence of your own eyesight, when I tell you that he was one of the handsomest cavaliers at a court where all were remarkable for personal beauty. He was, moreover, *puissamment riche*, so that you can imagine that his appearance in the household of Marie

Antoinette was hailed with raptures by all who had daughter, sister, niece, aunt, or even mother—for that sometimes happened—to marry. He was a great favorite with the queen, who, above all things, loved an elegant and graceful tournure, (do not sneer, you will repent it,) a distinction for which the Baron de Caudys was remarkable. With these advantages, you may readily imagine that the poor baron was beset on all sides with offers and propositions of marriage, and scarcely a day passed by without some new *parti* being found by officious friends more suitable, more *séduisant* than any which had been hitherto suggested. But the baron resisted all temptation of filthy lucre, and said, in answer to every offer thus held out, that 'his time was not yet come.' However, like many great heroes, it became one day evident that he had resisted so long but to fall at last. The fact was visible to all. The lovely widow, Madame de Linar, who just arrived from Burgundy with a poor dependent cousin, widow like herself, to prosecute a suit against her husband's relatives, had won his heart, and caused him to spend his days in attendance upon her slightest whims and caprices; and the fair lady had many, I assure you. Look through yonder doorway: you can descry the very place where the queen was seated when the disclosure of the love of the Baron de Caudys took place—a disclosure which electrified us all. There had been, as on this night, a grand gala at court—a reception of some new ambassador in great state and ceremony. The official company had retired, and left the queen to the society of her intimates, and to the enjoyment of that ease and liberty always doubly prized by her majesty after any of these state receptions, so irksome and tedious to persons of her gay and thoughtless temper. We had been playing at all the wild games which Marie Antoinette loved so much—the *diable boiteux*, the *guerre paûrpau*, la *mer agitée*—which had been left as a legacy to the court by Madame du Barri. The queen held the forfeits, and when the games had ceased, she loved to call them over, and in badinage always managed to give some sly *coup de patte* to the courtiers in the impossible tasks which in 'malice' she allotted to them. In our manner of playing forfeits you must know that much of the mirth is caused by the fertility of fancy displayed in the invention of the penances, and the queen dearly loved to exercise her ingenuity in the imagination of the impossible tasks to her courtiers. They were always chosen with some sly allusion to the different foibles of the penitent, Madame Jules de Polignac always whispering the name of the person to whom the *gage touché* belonged. On the evening in question I myself heard the whisper—'Le Baron de Caudys, the enemy of love and marriage.' 'Oh, then we will torment him,' said the queen, and then called aloud, '*De trois choses l'une*—to take the moon with his teeth, to show me his marriage contract, or to name aloud the fairest lady in the room.' M. de Caudys drew forward with a peculiar smile upon his countenance to claim his forfeit—the Cross of St. Louis, which he had taken from his buttonhole. A murmur of laughter ran round the room at the supposed coincidence of the sentence with the person on whom it had been pronounced, when, to the surprise of all, he approached the queen, and, falling on one knee, drew from his pocket a roll of parchment which he presented to her majesty, exclaiming in a clear voice and with an irresistible grace, as he bent low over the fair hand extended towards him with gracious

condescension, 'I were indeed a truant knight did I execute, and to the very letter, but one of my liege lady's royal commands; here is my marriage contract, which needs but the royal signature to render it complete, and as for the fairest lady in the company, there can be but one opinion on that score.' He looked around the room, as if in doubt, and then gazed once more upon the queen while he added, firmly, 'her name is Antoinette!' The queen blushed—I never could tell with what sentiment. There was a murmur of surprise throughout the company, and the Madame de Linar, whose name was *Rosalie*, pale with vexation, pushed back her seat with such violence that she almost crushed the poor dependent cousin standing against the wall. 'You are ever in the way, Toinon,' exclaimed she, peevishly. The queen started at the name and glanced towards Madame de Linar, then downwards at the paper which she held, and, as her eye ran over its contents, said in her own sweet voice, from which had passed now all trace of agitation, 'M. de Caudys, will you permit our mutual friends to unite with me in congratulating you upon this happy prospect?' And without waiting for his answer she read aloud from the paper:—'*Contrat de Mariage—entre Guillaume Amadée de Germeuil, Baron de Caudys, et Dame Antoinette de Laval, veuve de Sieur Henri Comte de Rozan.*' With one single movement the whole assembly turned to the poor little widow, who still stood humbly leaning against the wall behind the chair of her proud relative. At a sign from the queen M. de Caudys stepped towards her and brought her to the feet of her majesty, who kindly took her hand and kissed her on the forehead, then said in a low sweet voice, 'I give you joy, madame; you have won the most *galant homme*, the bravest and the truest knight of my whole court. Ladies and gentlemen, we will have the king's violins and *grand jeu* to-morrow night, for the signing of the contract. And now, *bon soir, à demain*; we all have need of rest, farewell, farewell.' She disappeared through that very door against which Lord Cowley is leaning now, and the company withdrew. The contract was signed with all the due forms and ceremonies on the morrow, and the story became a nine days' wonder, like so many other 'astounding' events, and then was forgotten."

The countess paused: she was again looking towards the thin frail form of Madame de Versac, who was reëntering the room leaning on her husband's arm, and immediately behind them walked M. de Caudys himself. Certainly he is very ugly, and I felt so angry with myself at the interest which I had felt concerning him and the *fable* about his beauty and elegance, which I had been dupe enough to believe, that I could not help exclaiming with impatience, "Well, countess, the miracle is not yet accomplished; I see nothing so meritorious in the conduct of the old fright, rich as you describe him, marrying a pretty woman in spite of her poverty—no such great sacrifice after all!"

"Wait a moment, I have not yet done."

"*Tant pis*," thought I, for I was dying to know the history of Madame de Versac; "there is a conclusion to the romance."

"Oh, I can guess it; M. de Caudys and the widow married and had heirs, who, fortunately for them, not being so ugly as himself, M. de Caudys took umbrage, and so—"

"*Peste! comme vous y allez!*" exclaimed the countess, laughing heartily; "nothing of the kind took place, my dear; they were never married!"

"Ah!" said I, "you are as base and artful in 'plots' as Eugène Sue. However, go on: I listen."

"This is the story. The Countess de Linar, the fair Rosalie, who had considered herself neglected and injured by the concealment of their engagement, furious and full of hate at the preference shown to her poor dependent cousin, so worked and undermined their plans, throwing such obstacles in the way of a final settlement, that it was deemed advisable to postpone the marriage until the utmost exigencies of the law had been duly appeased. Meanwhile, the uncle of M. de Caudys having been appointed ambassador to the court of England, it was decided that it would be better for the young baron to accompany him on his journey, and remain in London until all the difficulties conjured up by the artful malice of Madame de Linar had been set at rest. Of course there was the usual sum of grief on the part of the lady at the news of this approaching separation; the prescribed quantity of oaths and protestations, and the due share of gratitude also, which latter sentiment was well earned by the baron; for ever since the day of the signing of the contract, he had established his *fiancée* in a mansion with a settlement and equipage suited to her *future* rank, not to her present poverty. Well, he set sail for England with his uncle, and there remained for some time—constant, faithful to his love—and looking forward to a long life of happiness.

"He was preparing to return when he was laid low by sickness, by that fell disease which sometimes, not content with destroying the constitution of its victim, brands him as with a searing-iron forever—small-pox in its most virulent form declared itself, and all the symptoms exaggerated by anxiety and disappointment brought him to the very verge of the grave. He recovered, however, though slowly and with difficulty, and it was, alas! when he was saved that he suffered most. A glance at the mirror to which, with the terror natural to his situation, he hurried as soon as he was allowed to leave his bed, convinced him at once that henceforth he must depend upon his *mind* alone to acquire that favor which had hitherto been surrendered so readily to his personal appearance. It is singular that from the first he relied not an instant upon the strength of mind of Madame de Rozan, nor yet upon her kindly feeling nor her gratitude. His uncle, who knew the world, tried with the bland experience of his age and character to comfort him. He knew that fortune and old association can do much, and inspired with the hope of calming the anguish of his nephew, he wrote to the fair Antoinette, disclosing to her the fatal truth, and the horrid doubts and fears with which his misfortune had filled the mind of M. de Caudys. Her answer was all that could be desired, and it was with no little pride that the good old uncle handed the epistle to his nephew, bidding him dismiss all uneasiness from his mind. But the strong heart of M. de Caudys was not to be satisfied with idle words. He was resolved to be convinced by his own experience alone. Accordingly, under pretence of retiring to the country for a few days to facilitate the entire recovery of his health, without admitting any one to his confidence, he set off post for Paris. He arrived here on the very evening of the great ball given to the Archduke Joseph, and although still suffering, he determined not to lose the opportunity of testing the faith and affection of his mistress. He was both pleased and mortified at the same time to find

that he passed through the crowd of well-remembered faces unknown and unregarded. Who, in fact, could have recognized in the swollen limbs, the scorched and bloated features, of the individual whose emotion contributed to render him even more repulsive, the gay and courtly cavalier who, but a short time before, had been honored with the tender notice of Marie Antoinette and the jealousy of M. de Narbonne? What must have been his sensations when his eye first discovered among the bevy of beauties seated near the queen, the object of his adoration, no longer humbly placed behind to serve as girl to her brilliant cousin, but now in her turn surrounded by flatterers covered with jewels, gay with the consciousness of beauty? He dared not trust himself to gaze, lest his resolution might fail him, but walked towards the queen. At the name, when pronounced by the chamberlain, she started slightly, and glancing at the person thus announced, she finished the conversation upon which she was engaged when thus interrupted, then turned to the baron, and asked him if the Baron de Caudys, then in England, was any relation of his?"

"Yes, madame, a very near one," was the answer, in a broken voice.

"*Tant mieux, monsieur,*" responded the silver tones of the queen, '*je vous en fais mon compliment,*' and turning to the person with whom she had been speaking before, she renewed her conversation without taking further heed of the baron, who, humbled and mortified to the very quick, withdrew at once. He felt that his martyrdom had now commenced, but he was resolved to proceed even though his heart should be torn in the fearful struggle he had yet to undergo. At once he turned to Madame de Rozan, and slid over the polished floor towards where she was seated. She did not greet him with any token of recognition, she did not bow, she did not even smile, but turned away almost with disgust as he requested her hand for the next minuet. She was engaged, and the second still engaged, and the next after that engaged again; in short, 'she was engaged nearly the whole evening,' and she bent down to look with eagerness into her *calpin*, merely to avoid meeting the hard glance of those discolored blood-shot eyes!

"No matter, I will wait until you are free," said he.

"The lovely widow pouted, but at length granted him the seventh, and he bowed and retired to hide his misery behind one of those columns beneath the gallery where the musicians are now stationed. Here he watched her movements with feelings no language can describe. He saw at once that his case was hopeless; that his absence was un-mourned; his return, perhaps, even dreaded. And yet with strange pertinacity did he resolve to bear up with his misfortune and to proceed until the end; and when the moment came to claim her promise, he was so overcome by emotion that he scarcely had power to stand. His whole frame thrilled as he took her passive hand to lead her to the dance, but she perceived it not: she was thinking of her own success and of her own appearance, and of the manifest admiration of the young Chevalier de Pontac, who was dancing opposite to her in the same figure.

"Once or twice he spoke to her, but in vain; he could not for a single instant claim her attention. His voice was so disguised by his despair, that it struck not on her ear even as one which she had ever heard before. Her heart was evi-

dently not with him, or how should those accents have failed to recall him to her memory? Nevertheless he hoped on until the dance was over and he had led her to her seat, wondering whether she would address him in answer to the compliments he had, by great effort, been offering to her elegance and beauty. It was while he stood in gloomy doubt that the chamberlain passed hurriedly by, flying to execute some order for the queen. Madame de Rozan caught him by the skirt, and whispered in his ear, but not so low as to escape the hearing of M. de Caudys,

"Pray, for mercy's sake, tell me who is this horrid *rustre* whose conquest I have made? I saw you announce him; what is his name?"

"The chamberlain looked round carelessly; 'Oh, that is the *Baron de Caudys*, some relation to *yours*, no doubt,' said he, rushing forth upon his errand, while the unfortunate countess sank upon the shoulder of M. de Pontac, who was standing by her side, and swooned away! Ere she had recovered, M. de Caudys had disappeared; he fled none knew whither, and was lost sight of for many years. By deed *par devant notaire* he made over the whole of his fortune to Madame de Rozan, who, after having taken every step to discover his retreat, followed the advice of her friends; accepted the generosity of her former lover; questioned not the source from which such good was all derived, and married the Chevalier de Pontac! More than fifteen years elapsed ere the Baron de Caudys reappeared amongst us, with the title of Knight of Malta added to his name. None can tell what were his fortunes during that time; he seemed to have acquired wealth, for his establishment and mode of life were on a princely footing. Some say that he turned pirate during all those years (the sabre-cut across his forehead gave rise to this report;) some that he went to the woods of America and lived the life of the wild savage tribes. I have even heard it affirmed that the indelible tattooing of his skin is sometimes plainly visible through his silken hose."

The countess paused; she had almost won her wager, for after all I had felt deeply interested in the story of M. de Caudys, and in spite of prejudice, caught myself glancing eagerly above the multitude of heads in search of the very ugliest amongst them all. But I saw him not again; he had, according to his usual custom, made one tour of the apartments and then retired, and I was fain to content myself with the memory of those features which no longer appeared to me so very ugly or so very repulsive. The countess understood what was passing in my mind.

"Remark," said she, "this story is true—not a word exaggerated. M. de Caudys is old, and it may be forgotten by those who have only heard it from the contemporaries of his youth; but I remember the occurrence of all that I have been

telling you as well as if it had taken place but yesterday." She took a pinch of snuff, and added, "Thus you see, the very first person upon whom our attention fell has furnished a subject which might be worked out into a tale of as much power and passion as any of those provided for us by antiquity. Believe me, there are many such beneath our eyes."

"Ah!" exclaimed I, catching at the idea, "and Madame de Versac—"

"Hush!" exclaimed she, "hers is a story of a different nature, too dark, too fearful for such a place as this; but I have given you one of constancy in *man*, this is constancy in *woman*—more pure, more devoted than even M. de Caudys."

She took another pinch of snuff; I stretched my ears to listen, when to my great disappointment she jumped off the bench, where we were standing, and dragging me with her without explanation exclaimed,

"Look, M. de Rumigny is moving, if we do not get at once to the door of the supper-room, we shall not be seated until the very last."

We hurried among the crowd of ladies already assembled before the door through which the queen was to pass, and ere long the crowding and pushing became so tremendous, that I inwardly thanked my friend for having hurried forward, even with the loss of my story. It was, indeed, a scene never to be forgotten, and many of the diamond-decked ladies assembled there would not have needed help or assistance in a mob of *poisardes de la Halle*. I was much pleased with the good-humor of M. de Rumigny, who merely requested, when the torrent was let loose upon him, that "the ladies would crush him to death if they thought fit, but entreated they would not jostle the queen!" How could I help thinking at that moment of Queen Victoria, and of her stately entrance into the banqueting hall, and of her chamberlains and pages, and all the panoply of greatness with which she is surrounded on these state occasions! The supper in the *Salle de Spectacle*, is one of the finest sights that can be well imagined. Three thousand ladies all seated at one moment, the diversity of brilliant colors in their attire, the splendor of the jewels, the glare of light, the soft music, made the scene more like an infant's dream of fairyland, than a living, breathing reality in this sober work-day world of ours.

"Is it not splendid?" exclaimed Madame de Popincourt, gazing around. "Are you not thankful to be so well placed, so near the royal table?"

"I am, indeed," I replied, "and should be more so still if, by your kindly haste, I had not been deprived of the story of Madame de Versac."

"Well, never mind, perhaps you may have it still; she will be at the concert here next week; I will tell you it then, and you will find you have not *perdu pour attendre*."

THE "CAMP OF ISRAEL."—This is the "title and address," which has been adopted by the company of Mormons now on their way westward.

A mail carrier arrived here on Monday last from the Camp, and reported the pioneer party, or head of the column, as having crossed the tributaries of the Chariton river, over 150 miles distant. By this time they are probably on the banks of the Missouri.

Thus far, everything has gone favorably, with the exception of the breaking down of a few overloaded wagons.

If they ever reach California, their dependence must be partly upon slow travelling and partly upon *miracle*—but chiefly upon the latter.

It is the intention of at least some of the companies that leave this spring to halt in the valley of the Sweet-water river, and put in a crop for subsistence of themselves and others who may follow.

Numbers are now on their way from the Eastern States to join the expedition.—*Nauvoo (Illinois) Eagle, April 10.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

Poems. By THOMAS HOOD. 2 vols. 12mo. London: 1846.*

If our estimate of the merits of these compositions be more balancing and doubtful than that of some of our contemporaries—if we hesitate as to the precise rank which they are likely to occupy as contributions to English poetry—our hesitation assuredly does not proceed from any doubt as to the high claims of the variously gifted author; or want of sympathy with the generous, manly, and benevolent spirit which guided his writings, and actuated his life. But while we feel that these volumes possess many of the finest elements of poetry; that they abound with thought; are prodigal of imagery; sparkle with wit and fancy; and are throughout inspired by a genial principle of kindness and philanthropy—we yet cannot be insensible to certain cardinal defects by which their good qualities are alloyed; and by which, we fear, the permanent popularity of Mr. Hood as an English poet may be impeded, if not endangered. These defects have grown out of that very affluence of mind which constitutes his strength;—they have sprung not from penury but luxuriance of thought; and have become interwoven with the character of his genius and writings, through the force of circumstances which rendered the union almost inevitable and inseparable. Take him for all and all, however, it is impossible to confound him with the versifiers of the day: in his errors and his excellencies he stands out from the common rank; he pursues a path of his own—sometimes a little entangled and devious, it must be confessed—but which he has at least hewn out for himself, and which leads to a distinct and intelligible goal.

In looking to the character of Mr. Hood's mind, we are immediately struck with the variety which it displays. We do not at the present day require to be told that there is no incompatibility between wit and pathos, or that sensibility and humor may dwell together in the same heart; for we have been rendered familiar with such associations in the character of our greatest writers. But in Hood this alliance is more than usually conspicuous. He is open to all influences, and yields himself with equal pliancy to all. He can call up the most grotesque conceptions—the most incongruous and ludicrous imagery; whole trains of comic and mirth-inspiring fancies wait upon his will without an effort: but he seems to find himself as much at home in the contemplation of serious human emotion—in listening to, or echoing back, some old and moving story of love and pity—or letting his thoughts wander with devout gratitude over the beauties of creation, or in sympathy with the fading glories of old traditions. In not a few of his poems he has even ventured to commingle these discordant elements; and the quaintest allusions, quips and cranks of all kinds, stand side by side with thoughts of earnest interest, and happy homely touches of feeling, which sink quietly but surely into the heart. He has not only paid his court alternately to comedy and tragedy, and with success; but he may be said to have introduced these ancient rivals to each other, and taught them by an interchange of good offices to live together in cordial union.

It is a consequence of this enlarged and liberal

view of human nature, and this happy accommodation of the spirit of humor with feeling, that while Hood indulges in a constant under current of satire in his comic poems, that satire has nothing in it one-sided or malignant. He cannot shut his eyes either to the vices or the follies that are paraded before him; but he does not seek out by choice the sores and diseases of society. Indignant and energetic against that heartlessness and apparent indifference to the evils of humanity which are the growth of great cities, and which, in the British metropolis, are unfortunately more apt to catch the eye than the many secret and silent currents through which benevolence and charity circulate their stores, he seeks not to inflame one class of society against the other by a gloomy poetical chartism: his aim is only to point out existing evils; to appeal to the better feelings of men, for their removal or relief; and to unite society, not by the ties of fear or force, but by the bond of kindness on the part of the rich, repaid by gratitude on that of the poor. Thus his satire, even where it is most pungent, is not *personal*. He acts like a soldier in fair warfare, who levels his weapon against the hostile lines, but takes no aim, as he bears no enmity against any particular opponent.

Only in one instance, at least in these volumes, does Mr. Hood deviate from this rule, but, as we gather from several passages in his writings, not without considerable provocation; for the pleasantries of his works, touching, as it sometimes did, in a light, though, as we think, not an irreverent spirit, upon topics of a serious nature, appears to have exposed him to a good deal of unfair remark from certain classes or societies, who, assuming to themselves a monopoly as it were of granting degrees in piety, attempt to put down, as irregular practitioners, all who have not taken out a license from their sanctuary. From these acrid censors, Hood appears to have sustained considerable annoyance; and he has revenged himself in an Ode of consummate cleverness—addressed to a gentleman whom he treats as the Coryphæus of the class—but with so much of tact, and good-humor, and genuine pleasantry, mixed with a spirit of true charity, that if the person thus addressed was able to peruse it without feeling the "cordage of his countenance" relaxed, his inflexibility of muscle was little to be envied.

Another indispensable quality of a poet Hood possessed in a high degree—that of clear vision. It pervaded his choice of themes, his imagery, the whole expression of his thoughts. For the mystical or the vaporous—those reveries of airy republics and fantastic schemes of moral regeneration, on which the great genius of Shelley wasted so much of its powers, and from which in fact scarcely anything he ever wrote is entirely free, (with the exception of the stern drama of the "Cenci,")—and still more for those fierce and ghastly exaggerations—*agri somnia*—with which our later poetical literature had teemed, he had no taste or sympathy whatever. Even where dealing with an airy and fanciful theme—as in the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies"—the Elfin pictures are as clear and distinct as if he had been painting a scene in the Strand or at Exeter Hall; the Tiny Elves flutter and gambol in their appropriate habit, and talk and plead their case before grim and unrelenting Time, with a wonderful air of business-like reality. He chose no theme, in short, till he saw his way clearly to some object; he attempted to

* Reprinted by Wiley & Putnam—New York.

paint nothing till he had realized it to his own mind. Generally speaking, therefore, he shunned the visionary and the abstract; he *could* throw himself back into the romance of the past, but his home was naturally among the realities of the present; and his aim was to soften its harsh and rugged features, and to brighten them, as far as they could be brightened, by the cheerful sunshine of poetry.

The general clearness of view and the decision of purpose which are observable in the treatment of his subjects, can of course only be appreciated by a perusal of them as a whole. But the lively and graphic way in which he presents an image to the mind, may be illustrated by one or two examples. And with regard to these it may be remarked, that they owe their effect, first, to this—that he never appears to draw his images from books—presenting merely a reflection from a reflection, but from his own observation of nature; and next, to the great simplicity of expression in which the image is embodied. He knew well that plainness wins us more than eloquence;—therefore he never disdained a homely word if it was the fittest to convey his meaning; and hence an air of originality even in the expression of images which are in themselves of no remarkable novelty. It may be added, too, that the character of their expression changes, as it ought to do, with the nature of the subject; for while in themes like "Eugene Aram's Dream," or the "Old Elm-Tree," where the ballad measure is adopted, the diction is of a kindred simplicity; in others, such as the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," and "The Two Swans," it possesses a quaint and antique solemnity, admitting inversions, compound epithets, and new applications of old words—these last, however, being sparingly employed, though generally with much felicity.

Look at these images from the "Haunted House"—one of the most remarkable poems in these volumes:—

"The wren had built within the porch—she found

Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough;
And on the lawn, within its turfy mound,
The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and grey that fitted through
The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished,

But leisurely and bold, as if he knew
His enemy was banished."

"The coot was swimming in the reedy pond
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

*The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone as silently and slyly
Stood an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily."*

How true, how distinct, this last picture of the moping heron at his watch, and with what simplicity of words is it presented!

Here, again, is an interior section of the same house of mystery:—

"Huge drops rolled down the walls, as if they wept;
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly,

The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept
On that damp earth and chilly.

The floor was redolent of mould and must;
The fungus in the rotten seams had quickened;
While on the oaken table coats of dust
Perennially had thickened.

The air was thick, and in the upper gloom
The bat—or *something in its shape*—was winging;
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The death's-head moth was clinging.

The subtle spider that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror."

These stanzas remind us of some fine lines of Crabbe, in a picture of a similar deserted manor; and it is interesting to observe how differently two minds dealing with nearly the same images, have treated them; and to contrast the brief vigor of Crabbe, with the anxious, oft-repeated, and Mieris-like touch with which Hood works up the outlines of his picture of desolation, till the very spirit of superstition and nameless fear is made to brood over the canvass!

"Forsaken stood the hall,
Worms ate the floor, the tap'stry fled the wall;
No fire the kitchen's cheerless grate displayed;
No cheerful light the long-closed sash conveyed!
The crawling worm, that turns a summer fly,
Here *spun his shroud, and laid him up to die*
The winter death—upon the bed of state.
The bat, *shrill shrieking*, woo'd his *flickering*
mate!"

Here is a more cheerful picture of a sylvan landscape from "The Elm-Tree," enlivened by the movement of its timid inhabitants:—

"The deed is done; the tree is low
That stood so long and firm;
The woodman and his axe are gone,
His toil has found its term;
And where he wrought, the speckled thrush
Securely hunts the worm.

"The cony from the sandy bank
Has run a rapid race,
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern,
To seek the open space,
And on its haunches sits erect,
To clean its furry face.

"The dappled fawn is close at hand;
The hind is browsing near;
And on the larch's lowest bough,
The ouzel whistles clear;
But checks the note
Within his throat,
As choked with sudden fear!"

In a different style of diction, though possessing the same merits of picturesqueness and clear portraiture, compare these lines from the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies": the first, the opening stanzas of the poem, calling up the spirit of the hour, the season, and the spot, and attuning the mind to the moonlight pageant which is to follow; the other, a description of a wild and tangled wood, the

scene of an intended suicide. The former recalls to us the touching twilight opening of the eighth canto of the *Purgatorio*;* the latter forms no unworthy pendant to the "Cave of Despayre," in Spenser—

"Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave."

"'Twas in that mellow season of the year,
When the hot sun sings the yellow leaves
Till they be gold, and with a broader sphere
The moon looks down on Ceres, and her sheaves;
When more abundantly the spider weaves,
And the cold wind blows from a chillier clime;
That forth I paced on one of those still eves,
Touched with the dewy sadness of the time,
To think how the bright months had spent their
prime.

"It was a wild and melancholy glen,
Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,
Whose roots, like any bones of buried men,
Pushed through the rotten sod for fear's remark;
A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,
Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray.
Besides sleek ashes with their dappled bark,
Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,
With many blasted oaks, moss-grown and grey."

In both these extracts, but particularly the last, a power beyond that of mere truthful description is obvious. The picture is a magic glass that shows us many more;—it is suggestive of a crowd of analogies appropriate though not obvious. It is not literal portraiture in short, but portraiture elevated into poetry.

While we are thus dwelling on some of the details of these poems, we may be allowed to put together, "without note or comment," one or two additional instances of this form of pregnant and significant expression.

A REFLECTION.

"I saw a tower builded on a lake,
Mocked by its inverse shadows dark and deep;
That seemed a still intenser night to make,
Wherein the quiet waters sunk to sleep."

THE MAGNIFYING AND TRANSFORMING POWER OF LOVE.

"Look how the golden ocean shines above
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth,
So does the bright and blessed light of love
Its own things glorify, and raise their worth."

A FAIRY.

"Clad all in white like any chorister
Comes fluttering forth on his melodious wings,
That made soft music at each little stir,
But something louder than a bee's demur
Before he lights upon a bunch of broom."

MELANCHOLY.

"His face was ashy pale, and leaden care
Had sunk the levelled arches of his brow."

We might multiply such passages almost to any extent; for there are few of these poems which do not contain some lines which only a poet—in the

better sense of the word—could have written; but it is needless to accumulate evidence, when in all probability no doubt is felt as to the point to be proved; and we therefore turn to other matters on which a greater discordance of opinion may not unreasonably be anticipated.

We have said that the works of Mr. Hood, taking them as a whole, exhibit a combination of genuine poetical excellencies, with not a few defects which enter deeply into their structure, and are likely to be injurious to their permanent popularity; and we have hinted that these defects, which seem inextricably interwoven with his comic poems, and to have colored too deeply his more serious compositions, are traceable to causes over which he had but little control. We allude to the vein of exaggeration, endless digression, and forced conceit, which disfigure the one; and the long-winded accumulation of details, the indisposition, if not the inability, to retrench a single trait of description which in itself appeared susceptible of introduction, that overload and embarrass the other.

And here is precisely what induces us to pause, when attempting to assign the place which Mr. Hood is likely, or entitled, to occupy as an English poet. Does any thoroughly great poet, we are constrained to ask ourselves, evince this incapacity to blot?—this tendency to hunt down both thought and description! Is not the effect of most of his efforts seriously injured by indefinite expansion of description, and over elaboration of the idea—be it serious or comic—with which for the time he is haunted? Are we not, particularly in his humorous compositions—where the joke is absolutely worn threadbare by the wear and tear to which it is subjected—made painfully sensible of the truth of the French apothegm, *Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire*?

To his comic poems this censure appears to be particularly applicable. His brain teems with humorous fancies, but he cannot afford to part with one. Every quip or crotchet which the train of associations suggests, he insists on imparting to the public; and, as might be expected from this indiscriminate effusion, for every stroke really successful we have ten which are forced or unnatural. An absolute Anthology of bad jokes and wretched plays on words, might be compiled from his writings, rich as we at the same time admit them to be in real wit and humor. "A quibble is to Shakspeare," says Johnson, "what luminous vapors are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire." What is thus absurdly applied to Shakspeare is literally true of Mr. Hood. Once caught by a play on words, his course defies calculation: one conceit brings on another, till we lose sight entirely of the point from which we started, and lose at the same time all anxiety to return to it. The same thing may be said of his quaint or double rhymes. In this department he certainly exhibits a singular mastery, though we incline to think he has even here been foiled at his own weapons by the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." But we pay dearly for any pleasure afforded by these feats of poetical legerdemain, when we perceive that whole stanzas, having the feeblest possible connexion with the subject, have been constructed solely for the sake of the rhyme; and that, as in the story of "Miss Kilmansegg," the amusement, such as it is, is to be purchased at the price of digressions and circum-

* *Era gia l'ora che volge l' desio
A i naviganti, &c.*

volutions, to which the course of Tristram Shandy appears direct, and that of Rabelais methodical.

But though it is in his humorous pieces that this tendency to extravagance appears most offensive, even his more serious compositions partake of the same tendency to overload the subject with "wasteful and ridiculous excess." What, for instance, shall we say of the "Haunted House?" We grant that each feature of the picture, taken by itself, is good; and that the whole has a sombre and sepulchral tone which produces a strong impression on the mind. Had the poem formed the porch to an edifice of like proportions—had it formed the introduction to some tragic tale of blood—this long note of preparation might not have been out of place; though even then we should have held that the effect would have been heightened if one half the details had been retrenched. But, standing by itself, and leading to nothing, the long array of dreary imagery simply wearies and fatigues. In like manner, in the "Midsummer Fairies," there is too great an anxiety shown to exhaust all the views in which the subject can be placed; till, as we listen to the interminable rejoinders, we are tempted to imitate the example of the judge in the *Plaideurs*, and to request that everything prior to the Deluge may be omitted.

We trace this tendency, which we regard as the chief drawback to the merits of these poems, and their chances of future popularity, in a great measure, to the unfortunate effects produced by a constant connexion with, and dependence on periodical literature. This connexion, early begun in Hood's case, continued through life, not as a matter of choice on his part, but of stern necessity. Now we know few things more adverse to the formation of a great poet; or to the production of works which are to be of an enduring character, than the education which is acquired in such a school. The constantly recurring demands of periodical literature are fatal to all deliberation of view—to all care, or study, or selection of materials; in the case of those who engage in it as a profession. The tale of bricks must be furnished by the appointed day, let the straw be found where it will. Equally adverse is its influence to calmness and repose of manner, and to that breadth and evenness of composition which are the distinguishing characteristics of those works which we regard as the classics of our language. Be wise, instructive, graceful—natural if you will, is the lesson inculcated by the genius of periodical literature—but, above all, be *pointed*, be *striking*. Those are the accessories—these last only are essential and indispensable. Hence the current of thought is rarely suffered to flow onward with its natural movement; it must be artificially fretted into foam—thrown up in epigrammatic jets, or scattered about in sparkling showers of conceits and quibbles.

How can one educated under such influences be expected to deal with the compositions of the month as he would with works destined for eternity? A certain space must be filled in a given time; and if a fertile mind, prodigal of ideas and images, pours them out before him in such profusion as to enable him to accomplish his task, and do his spitting gently—need we wonder that he transfers them to paper without being very solicitous as to their coherence or propriety, provided they present themselves in the garb of novelty, and dazzle the fancy with somewhat picturesque and unexpected? Rather, in the case of Hood,

may we wonder that, circumstanced as he was, he has not yielded more frequently to the temptations which the exigencies of periodical literature present; and that, harassed by the daily claims of the present, he has written so much which posterity, after all, will be willing to remember.

"If there be a mental drudgery," said one who, we fear, in his declining years, experienced not a little of the suffering, which he so touchingly describes—"if there be a mental drudgery which lowers the spirits and lacerates the nerves like the toil of the slave, it is that which is exacted by literary composition, when the heart is not in unison with the work on which the head is employed. Add to the unhappy author's task, sickness, sorrow, or the pressure of unfavorable circumstances, and the labor of the bondsman becomes light in comparison." This passage is but too applicable to the case of Hood. For we know that many of those gay and mirthful compositions which might force "a smile even under the ribs of death," and which appear to flow from a heart as light and joyous as the strain, were, in truth, written amidst sickness and suffering; and all of them under the pressure of narrow circumstances and domestic anxieties. Yet of these secret sources of annoyance, and these trials of health, which are so apt to wear down the spirit and to vent themselves in querulous despondency, who can perceive a trace in these healthful and manly volumes? Hood adopts and exemplifies, in his own practice, the sentiment of Campbell—"To bear is to conquer our fate." Destiny had pointed out to him the field of literature as the appointed sphere of his exertion; and it awakens at once our respect and pity to see how cheerfully he addressed himself to his task from first to last;—how gallantly he labored at his post till the going down of the day; furnishing amusement to the public while care sat by his own couch; and bringing smiles into the eyes of others, when we may well believe his own were sometimes clouded by a tear.

We have said that Hood's long and intimate connexion with periodical literature, as a profession, appears to us to lie at the bottom of many of the main defects of his composition. It certainly promoted not merely an extravagance of conception in some points, and needless expansion in others; but it led him occasionally to indulge in a certain vein of exaggeration, and of harsh portraiture, apparently very adverse to the calm tendencies of his native tastes; but which he found to be more acceptable to the public than many of those poems on which much thought, and labor, and refinement, had been bestowed. The two compositions, for instance, which have attained the *noisiest* popularity, are among those which to us appear the least poetical in these volumes—we allude to the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs." We respect the generous and humane feeling which dictated both; we grant that the former produces a heart-rending impression upon the feelings; that it paints with a stern and gloomy touch a scene of misery and suffering, too common, but alas! we fear, unavoidable and irremediable. All this we grant, but we cannot recognize—or at least in any high degree—its claims to poetry. To be the mouthpiece of such a wail of distress—to give words to a sentiment already felt generally, though inarticulately, and thus to strike home to the public sympathy, demands honesty and strength

* Sir W. Scott's *Biographies*, vol. ii., p. 63—Notices of Charlotte Smith.

of language; but it requires but little aid from poetry, and we must add, in all candor, in this instance it has received but little.

Infinitely more attractive to our minds is another poem on the same theme, entitled the "Lady's Dream;" in which the subject, we think, is treated far more poetically, and at least as usefully, so far as a moral is concerned. From the former, the conclusion that would naturally be drawn is, that all the world are utterly heartless, and that the sufferings of the poor arise entirely through the selfishness and cruelty of the rich: from the latter we derive the truer and more practical lesson,

"That evil is wrought by *want of thought*
As well as *want of heart*."

The other poem to which we alluded—the "Bridge of Sighs," a funeral chant over a drowned female raised from the Thames—is perhaps even less agreeable than the "Song of the Shirt;" and yet we perceive it has been more liberally quoted than almost any of these poems. To us it has, in several passages, a *false* tone, though some of its pictures are not unworthy of a poet.

"Where the lamps quiver,
So far on the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.
The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to Death's mystery,
Soon to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!"

This, though capable of improvement in expression, is striking enough; but what shall be said of the stanza that follows!—

"In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it—
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave of it—drink of it
Then, if you can."

This seems to us the very gallop of false verse, and as far removed from poetry as from common sense. No one probably drinks the river water under any circumstances, who can possibly avoid it; and those who must drink it, will continue to do so, notwithstanding all the suicides by which it may have been stained, and all the elegies on unfortunate females that ever were or will be written.

If the "Dream of Eugene Aram" were not already familiar to the public, we should have referred to it as by far the most successful specimen of the combination of a vigorous and stirring theme with a poetical treatment, exalting the subject above the level of a mere reality, which these volumes contain. The quiet introduction, which breathes the serenity of evening—the picture of the guilty usher sitting remote from the happy schoolboys, as, under the evening sunshine, they drive the wickets in—the spell which works upon

him and forces him, like the "Ancient Mariner," to unbosom himself, under the guise of a dream, to the studious boy, who like himself, had been poring over a book at a distance from his companions—the wild, broken, ghastly narrative of the murder, half real, half evoked by the sorcery of conscience—the deep feeling of a constant and gnawing torture of heart, which this ballad leaves behind, have been seldom equalled; and, except in the splendid creation of Coleridge,* which seems to have furnished the key-note of the composition—never surpassed.

But this fine ballad is already too well known to require or justify any extracts. We prefer selecting one or two specimens less familiar to the public, and written in a manner to which we are less accustomed. Let us contrast, for instance, with the stern and rapid march of Aram's Dream, some beautiful stanzas from the "Ode to Melancholy," to which the imagery and turn of the thoughts, calm and softened, but not gloomy or austere, and the melody produced by the artful and long-continued recurrence of the rhymes—as in some of the passages in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—impart a soothing and delightful charm:—

"Come let us set our careful breasts,
Like Philomel against the thorn,
To aggravate the inward grief,
That makes her accents so forlorn;
The world has many cruel points,
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,
And there are dainty themes of grief,
In sadness to outlast the morn,—
True honor's dearth, affection's death,
Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn,
With all the piteous tales that tears
Have water'd since the world was born.

"The world!—it is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree;
For thus my gloomy phantasy
Makes all things weep with me!
Come let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds where no clouds be;
Grief is enough to blot the eye,
And make heaven black with misery.
Why should birds sing such merry notes,
Unless they were more blest than we?
No sorrow ever chokes their throats,
Except sweet nightingale; for she
Was born to pain our hearts the more
With her sad melody.
Why shines the sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy,
When all the earth is bright beside!
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,
Mirth shall not win us back again,
Whilst man is made of his own grave,
And fairest clouds but gilded rain!"

"Oh clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this:
Forgive, if somewhere I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss.
As frightened Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss.
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,

* The Ancient Mariner.

And there is ev'n a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!

"Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orb'd moon to grieve our eyes;
Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud
Lapp'd all about her, let her rise
All pale and dim, as if from rest
The ghost of the late buried sun
Had crept into the skies.
The moon! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;
The same fair light that shone in streams,
The fairy lamp that charm'd the lad;
For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains and makes them mad.

"All things are touch'd with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy."

Among Mr. Hood's "Poems" there are several sonnets; but we can scarcely say that he has overcome the proverbial difficulty which attaches to this species of composition. The thought is not, in general, wrought out with that clearness of expression, and simple development, which is essential to the full effect of the sonnet—giving to the poem, even with all its elaborate construction, an appearance of natural growth. The following appears to us the most favorable specimen we can select:—

FALSE POETS AND TRUE.

"Look how the lark soars upward and is gone,
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky!
His voice is heard, but body there is none
To fix the vague excursions of the eye.
So, poets' songs are with us, though they die
Obscured, and hid by death's oblivious shroud,
And earth inherits the rich melody,
Like raining music from the morning cloud.
Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud
Their voices reach us through the lapse of space;
The noisy day is deafen'd by a crowd
Of undistinguish'd birds, a twittering race;
But only lark and nightingale forlorn
Fill up the silences of night and morn."

We will conclude our brief survey of the contents of these volumes—of which we have said enough to show our sincere respect for the genius, and the liberal and generous spirit and character of the author's mind—with the following specimen

of his gayer manner. It is not penned in that style of riotous mirth in which he sometimes indulges: it is a playful trifle—written with his usual grace, good-humor and kindness of feeling.

ROTTERDAM.

"I gaze upon a city—
A city new and strange—
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;
And can *you* be in England,
And *I* at Rotterdam!

"Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep;
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am;
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

"Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels
From western Surinam,
All tell me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam.

"Those sailors, how outlandish
The face and form of each!
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learn'd near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

"And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The genius of the place;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salaam;
Who tells me you're in England,
But I'm at Rotterdam.

"The coffee-room is open—
I mingle in the crowd,—
The dominos are noisy—
The hookahs raise a cloud;
The flavor now of Fearon's
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

"Then here it goes, a bumper—
The toast it shall be mine,
In schiedam, or in sherry,
Tokay, or hock of Rhine;
It well deserves the brightest,
Where sunbeam ever swam—
'The girl I love in England'
I drink at Rotterdam!"

From the Spectator, 18 April.

POLISH INSURRECTION AND EUROPEAN REVOLUTION.

POLISH insurrection is the portentous comet which has arisen to perplex the despots of Europe with coming change. The immediate results must be sought anywhere rather than in Poland—in Germany, in St. Petersburg, in the Slavonian provinces between the Adriatic and the Danube; but not in Warsaw, except in the present retribution dealt by despotism or the servility left by defeated rebellion. The Polish rebels have been vanquished, but the rebellion fructifies. Poland, mutilated and bound, enfeebled by the demoralizing influences of captivity, is held down by three of the "great powers" of Europe: she struggles, she is quelled—easily; but all three tremble. And they have cause for trembling. It is remarkable that their fears are in exact proportion to the vigor of their despotism. The Czar of Russia rules with a rod of iron, and surveys his domain through an army of spies; but the country which is governed by an army of spies is a nation of spies on its rulers; and so odious is the oppression of the autocrat, that he knows not how many Polands are embraced within the confines of his empire. Austria has incited the peasantry of Galicia to rise and massacre their nobles—has taught the art of revolution as it was practised by France in the last century! Prussia has the least to fear, and the reasons are curious—

"The measures of the Prussian government for the suppression of the projected disturbances in the duchy of Posen," says the *Times*, "were far more opportunely and efficiently taken than those of Austria. The condition of the peasantry in that province is very superior to that of the population of Galicia, and no agrarian revolt broke out. Even the Poles regard Prussia as the least arbitrary and harsh of their three taskmasters; and we trust that in the proceedings which may follow these events, the Prussian government will maintain its character for justice and moderation. But Prussia differs from her northern neighbors in this most important respect, that the acts of the cabinet of Berlin are scrutinized by an active and intelligent public opinion, in spite of all the restraints put upon the press; that a very large portion of the German people sympathize with the cause of Polish independence, as was shown by a recent vote of the chambers of Saxony; and that nothing is more calculated to augment the internal embarrassments of the Prussian monarchy than the revival of the Polish question. The Prussian government, like that of Austria, is driven by the consequences of their common crime to bind itself to the stern policy of Russia; but at the same time, that policy, and the very name of Russia—nay, the bare suspicion of Russian influence—are more than ever odious and abhorrent to the German people."

This is quite true; but the very embarrassment of Prussia between conflicting policies constitutes her comparative safety. Her position is not antagonist to that of the advancement which neither she nor her colleagues can resist. King Frederick William is prepared; or partially prepared, for "eventualities": he stands ready to alter his tack as soon as he must; and he takes the precaution of advertising an intended "constitution" often enough to produce it with a decent show of willingness when his subjects shall demand it peremptorily. He will probably concede too late to save

all that he might now save; but the very facility of revolt in Prussia will disarm it of its worst horrors. We see that in the conduct of Poland. The Prussian soldiers were not unsuspected of "sympathy," and towards Prussia the revolted troops showed a peculiar inclination to yield; facts which indicate on both sides a considerable reliance in a mutual understanding.

But the able paper which we have quoted shadows out another great influence at work—

"In this country it has been strongly felt that any demonstration tending to encourage the Poles in a hopeless insurrection was not only a vain but a culpable display of enthusiasm; but in France, be it right or be it wrong, this demonstration has been most energetically made. Nor has it been confined to mere sympathy with Poland. It has revived what may be termed the revolutionary passions of the French liberals against the continental powers and against the continental treaties of 1815. It has turned the fury of popular declamation against the policy of the Austrian government in Italy and in Poland; and, by a reaction not very uncommon among our volatile neighbors, England has ceased to be the bugbear of the French opposition, and M. Guizot is to be denounced at the approaching elections, not as the coadjutor of Lord Aberdeen, but as the tool of Prince Metternich."

This also is true, and truer than it looks. French influence has established a footing in many countries of southern and eastern Europe; the genius of French opinion owns sway even in the midst of the great northern empire, defying the memory of Moscow and the absolute prohibition of the emperor. The waves of three broad and remarkable currents of opinion meet and cross each other in central and eastern Europe. There is this French influence and opinion. There is German liberalism, longing for that municipal freedom which had its cradle in Saxony, has been developed in western Europe, and is about to be reimported into Germany. Into that more recent, more powerful, and more worthy agitation, the restless efforts of Poland to regain her nationality will be merged. And there is the extraordinary movement set on foot by Russia, under the name of Panslavonism, to create a feeling of common nationality among the scattered Slavonian races, and to consolidate them in one power—meant by the Russian to be his own empire, but perhaps destined to swallow even that empire in a vast and free federation. Beyond these may be described the unceasing agitation of Italy, kept down, but never abandoned.

It is curious to mark on the map the powers which are threatened by all these rising and more rapidly moving tides: they are the actively despotic governments—Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the minor German despotisms; the Italian governments; and Turkey. The states threatened are exclusively those—not Sweden and the countries of the north-west—not France nor Belgium—not Portugal nor even Spain; for Spain, laboring under political and military anarchy, is still exempt from social revolution, that which threatens to subvert the orders of society, and set up totally new governments in the countries overspread by these formidable currents.

What may possibly be the course of these currents—what the upshot? It cannot, we say, be found in Poland; though one of the movements, perhaps a mixture of all three, is now seen there in a feverish crisis. Polish nationality is a sentiment

of the past; Polish institutions are not worth reviving, as the leaders of the late revolt seemed to feel when they hinted at some new kind of tenure for property. But Poland, with her military genius, may be a depository for active discontent, an efficient diversion in favor of the great neighboring movement—the revolution for liberal institutions in Germany; a movement on which Poland herself must wait. Panslavonism may appropriate a vast third of Europe; but when it does so, it will not be with Russian forms of government. That dream of the future, too, may one day bring a glad morn of waking to Poland. Italy, with her petty isolated revolts and invasions by handfuls of exiles, seems to be the most behindhand with hope. Republicanism is a shadowy abstraction, and is no match for the material force of despotism. One policy, however, might supply the Italian patriots with all the substantial strength they need, and it is a policy that seems by no means improbable: suppose the patriots were to exchange their dreamy bookish republicanism for that "limited monarchy" which is just now the political fashion of western Europe; and suppose they were to offer the throne of that limited monarchy to a French prince! France would be poured into Italy; Austria, distracted on that side, would have strange work in Germany and Poland; King Frederick William would find it expedient to make up his mind; and then let the Russian dynasty look to its empire.

TRIAL OF BRIGANDS.

A BAND of Spanish brigands, composed of men who had served in the army of Don Carlos, were brought to trial on the 19th March at Perpignan. The number included in the indictment is twenty-two, of whom seventeen were arraigned at the bar; the five others, including a woman, named Catherine Gattel, or Lacoste, having evaded capture. The prosecution was conducted by M. Renard, procureur-general of the Cour Royale of Montpellier, assisted by M. Aragon, the procureur du roi. The prisoners were defended by four counsel. The indictment stated that on the 27th of February, 1845, at ten in the evening, the diligence going from Girona to Barcelona was stopped at a place called Lo Sura de la Palla, near the village of La Thadere. The traces were cut, the doors of the coach violently opened, and all the passengers ordered, on pain of instant death, to alight and lay themselves on the ground. The robbers then lighted torches and searched the passengers, taking from their persons all they could find, treating the women in the most indecent manner. This done, they spread a cloak on the ground, and commanded every one, with the most horrible threats; to cast upon it whatever money, jewels and other valuables they had about them, and which might have escaped discovery. At the same time the diligence was completely plundered. This, however, was but a prelude to future outrages. Three of the passengers, M. Bailber, M. Roger, of Figueras, and M. Massot, Darams, whose passports indicated them to be of greater consideration, were seized and bound, to be carried off for the sake of their ransom. The mother of M. Massot, who was travelling with him, cast herself at the feet of the bandits, and entreated of them for mercy to her son; but they repelled her coarsely, saying that if she did not cease to annoy them with cries, she should see her son stabbed to

death before her eyes. The sound of a shrill whistle was then heard, upon which the brigands gathered up their booty, cut the straps of the pantaloons of their three captives, in order that they might be able to move more freely, and led them away across the mountains, recommending those left not to report what had occurred to them, or they would repent it. On May 3d M. Massot wrote a letter to his mother, desiring her to send him 800 quadruples (rather more than 60,000*fr.*) for his ransom, saying, "I am worn out by misery. The cold distresses me, and these men torment me. A fever is killing me, and yet I am obliged to march day and night, with pain and grief, through the snow. All I know is that I am traversing mountains. Embrace my brothers in the name of God, and beg them not to fall into despair from my death, for I am already resigned to it." Bailber, who was of an advanced age, could not long resist his great sufferings, and in a very few days, finding himself sinking and unable to write, dictated his last will to Roger, which, when finished, the brigands took into their hands, judging they might derive some advantage from its possession. The unhappy man was left alone in his agonies on the snow, and, with a refinement of barbarity, the savages took from his shoulders the cloak he needed only for a few moments more. Three days after that the Spanish armed force came up with the band, and an engagement ensued in which two of the soldiers were killed, and several of the brigands wounded. Some days after the attack on the diligence Mme. Massot received a letter by the Girona mail, signed with the name of Jacques Toquabus, telling her that if she did not send the 800 quadruples to a place indicated, she should receive her son's ears, and if that did not reduce her to compliance, they would send her his eyes, and if those did not succeed she would at last have his mutilated head, at the same time increasing their demand. On the 25th of March the brigands and their two prisoners, when in a house called Perrazole de Terrazole, near Tazadell, were attacked by some armed police, and a conflict ensued, in which two of the gendarmes were killed, and M. Roger received a ball in the back of the neck, which laid him dead instantaneously. The band then divided into two parties—five of them going to a place called Manners, and eight with M. Massot, their sole remaining captive, in search of the grotto of Bassaguda, where they might conceal and secure him. After wandering for several days, lost in fogs they reached and crossed the Mouga, a river which divides the two kingdoms, and, finding the cave, were supplied for two days with food by two peasants of the country, who were included in the indictment as accomplices. Hence four of the eight bandits went to Las Salines to receive the one thousand quadruples demanded of Mme. Massot for the release of her son, taking up their abode at the inn of one of their associates, Parot del Battle; but one of the four, named Pujade, taking some offence, deserted the rest, returned to his master, and became the principal means of discovering and arresting the whole band of these brutal murderers. In consequence of the measures taken by his information, all the brigands named in the indictment were pursued, found, and arrested. In the end, on reaching the cave or grotto of Bassaguda, was discovered the lifeless body of M. Massot, with the ears cut off, the throat divided, and eleven poniard wounds in the region of the heart.

In the loft of a farm called Del Aloy, was afterwards found, wrapped in a paper, a pair of human ears, with some of the hair of the head still sticking to them by the clotted blood. These were afterwards proved to be the ears of the unfortunate Massot, which the eight brigands who had excised them carelessly left there, little thinking how clear a proof it would be of their having been the perpetrators of this act of cruelty. As an evidence of their insensibility to all feeling of pity, when the ears were exhibited to them on their being examined before the magistrate, they pretended not to know what they were, calling them, with the most audacious levity, dried mushrooms. It is also stated that after the death of their two other captives, M. Bailber and M. Roger, the bandits sent letters to their families, stipulating for large sums for their ransom, which was to be sent to certain spots indicated, but which, if they had been paid, would have been in pure loss, for those sought to be redeemed were no longer in existence. The above are the material facts disclosed by the accomplice Pujade, and which were confirmed by the evidence that was produced.—In support of the prosecution, no fewer than one hundred and fourteen witnesses were summoned, all of whom attended the trial except two or three. One having been declared not guilty was ordered to be discharged. Pujade was condemned to imprisonment for three years, and another for five years; one to eight years and another to ten years' close confinement and the pillory; one to ten years, and one to twenty years' hard labor at the hulks with the pillory; six to hard labor at the hulks for life, on account of the jury having found that there were extenuating circumstances in their favor, and four, among whom were Simon, Sagals, and Icazes, to death. The court ordered that Simon and Sagals should be executed at Cerét, and the other two at Perpignan.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

MICHAUD, in his description of an Egyptian funeral procession, which he met on his way to the cemetery of Rosette, says: "The procession we saw pass, stopped before certain houses, and sometimes receded a few steps. I was told that the dead stopped thus before the doors of their friends, to bid them a last farewell, and before those of their enemies, to effect a reconciliation before they parted forever."

Slowly, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
To his lone home.
Short grows the homeward road,
On with your mortal load,
Oh, Grave! we come.

Yet, yet—ah! hasten not
Past each remembered spot
Where he hath been;
Where late he walked in glee,
There from henceforth to be
Never more seen.

Rest ye—set down the bier;
One he loved dwelleth here;
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,

Wont to fly open wide
Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken!—he speaketh yet—
"Oh, friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend—more than brother!)
How hand in hand we've gone,
Heart with heart linked in one—
All to each other?

"Oh, friend! I go from thee,
Where the worm feasteth free,
Darkly to dwell;
Giv'st thou no parting kiss!
Friend! is it come to this?
Oh, friend, farewell!"

Uplift your load again;
Take up the mourning strain—
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
Grave! bid him hail!

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move,
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe,
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate—
Will the dead speak again!
Utt'ring proud boasts and vain,
Last words of hate!

Lo! the cold lips uncloze—
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low!
"Oh, thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me,
Ere hence I go.

"Curse not thy foeman now—
Mark! on his pallid brow
Whose seal is set!
Pard'ning I pass thy way—
Then—wage not war with clay—
Pardon—forget."

Now all his labor's done!
Now, now the goal is won!
Oh, Grave, we come!
Seal up the precious dust—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO PARIS.—The visit of the Queen to Paris appears more certain, although the time is not yet fixed. The arrangements for her reception are all completed, except as regards the Hotel de Ville, the banqueting room of which will not be ready before the middle of June. The king and his ministers will then be at liberty, for there is no doubt in Paris that the chamber of deputies will be dissolved by that time. It is still said that the Duke and Duchess de Nemours will come to London either late in May or early in June. Their visit to the queen will, it is said, precede by about a fortnight the departure of her majesty.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LORD MORPETH.

LORD MORPETH's position as a public man must be peculiarly gratifying to his personal feelings. His ambition ought to be more than satisfied with the rank he holds as an orator in the house of commons, while the personal esteem and respect entertained for him by his own party afford to a man of his peculiar temperament a far more agreeable reward than even the admiration which his displays of intellectual ability have elicited. In the hardness engendered by party strife, it is rare to find personal qualities so much regarded in a public man as they are in the case of Lord Morpeth; and still more so where the individual has entered, as the noble lord has done, with keenness, and as much heat as his nature will allow, into almost all the conflicts of the time. The circumstances attending his retirement some few years ago from public life, and those which have characterized his return, have contributed still more to invest him with a personal, more than even a political interest. When he was ejected from Yorkshire on the final downfall of the whig party, and when he made that somewhat rash resolution never to reënter the house of commons unless as the representative of the same county, few men could have supposed, in the then triumphant state of the conservative party, that circumstances would have arisen so soon to restore him to the post he had before held, or to take away from the rashness of that vow, by accomplishing its fulfilment. That a man evidently so ambitious of distinction as a statesman and an orator, should have voluntarily debarred himself from his greatest enjoyment on what might seem so sentimental a ground, is at the same time in itself a strong proof of some very decided personal character, some qualities of the heart as well as of the mind, distinguishing him from those who prove the difference by their astonishment, or by their depreciation of what might seem such quixotic conduct. But Lord Morpeth almost stands alone in this privilege of exciting personal regard, while he at the same time secures political esteem. It is a regard felt by those even who in politics differ most widely from him: who, in fact, were disposed to look at his former coquettings with democracy as involving a most dangerous example. This involuntary blending of the personal with the political character, when accompanied by intellectual claims and not carried to excess, is very agreeable to the English people, who love to see men sincere and in earnest, even if against them, and who cannot be brought to understand that cold abstraction of character by which the man removes himself from the direct agency of human sympathies, living in the intellect and the reason alone, a mere intelligent machine for working out propositions. State-craft, to their apprehension, is nothing but downright hypocrisy, and no state necessity excuses in their eyes double-faced policy, or tergiversation of principle. A great proportion of Lord Morpeth's popularity with all sections of the liberal party, is to be traced to his instinctive unflinching honesty of purpose. He might be sometimes personally ridiculous, or oratorically he might absurdly illustrate that vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, but he was always morally respectable. Nay, this feature in his character received not long since an almost ludicrous illustration. In a dispute as to a question which could

only be decided by personal assertion, Lord Morpeth assumed the affirmative. Upon this all the liberals cried out, "Oh! then it *must* be so!" A comparison not very favorable to his colleagues, but mightily so to our assumption as to his peculiarity of character.

Lord Morpeth contrasts favorably with other whig noblemen in either house of parliament, in being, to all appearance, wholly free from the pride of rank or class. In the assertion of those views and principles which are popular with the middle and lower classes, he has gone farther than any of his colleagues; and his evident sincerity of disposition compels us to believe that he feels all he utters. He not only entertains popular opinions, but, what is infinitely more captivating with the multitude, he expresses them popularly. There is a frankness, a warmth, a courtesy unaccompanied by insulting condescension, that attaches to him men of all shades of opinion. In this respect the young noble who most resembles him is Lord John Manners. Starting from wholly opposite points in the political arena, their course seems to run together thus far; that they think the time is come for social, more than for political, concession on the part of men of rank and station, to those who, in the singular changes this age has seen, have secured to themselves so much of the real power of the country.

As a politician, Lord Morpeth has already run nearly to the full length of the tether allowed by the principles of his party; as an orator, he is still in process of development. The Lord Morpeth returned to parliament in 1846 is such an improvement on the Lord Morpeth who was ejected in 1841, that still greater advances towards perfection may be hoped for. Whether the grafts which the vigorous native stock has received from republicanism in the United States, and from class self-seeking in the Anti-Corn-law League, will bring with them strength or weakness, cannot at present be ascertained; but there is a good sound root and stem of John Bullism in the noble lord's mind, on which one may place great faith. At present, he seems to be rather feeling his own strength; playing with his new-found muscle and sinew; trying experiments with edged-tools, of the real danger of which he is not yet fully cognizant. His speeches are as yet powerful efforts, rather than finished works of oratorical art. It is the peculiarity of some men always to be thought young, or at least immature. A privilege in private life, this is in the political world rather a disadvantage. Who ever thinks of Lord Morpeth or Mr. Disraeli as steady, staid, middle-aged men; the one of forty, the other of forty-four? Of the readers of Lord Morpeth's speeches, who regard him as a sort of parliamentary pupil of Lord John Russell, but few reflect that he has been in the house of commons (an interval excepted) now twenty years. Those who are accustomed constantly to see and hear him, if the fact did not stare them in the face, would scarcely give the noble lord credit for the experience which so long a public life ought to have brought with it. They would expect from him ultra-liberal opinions; or warm, hearty, English sympathy, always bordering on rashness; or ambitious efforts at political philosophy; or high-flown attempts at the sublime in oratory; anything, in short, but wisdom or common sense. When Lord Morpeth was in parliament before, the idea of youthfulness and crudity (as in the case of Mr. Disraeli) had ob-

tained such full possession of the minds of those accustomed to watch those matters, that even superior power scarcely received its due meed of respect when at intervals it was displayed, but was postponed in the general estimation to the claims of unambitious but consistent dulness. Time alone will remove this ridiculous, but provoking prejudice. It is fast giving way already.

Carry back the imagination six or seven years. You are walking down to the house of commons, looking inquiringly in the stream of horsemen and pedestrians that flows continuously towards St. Stephen's between the hours of four or five, for the notables of the day. Some one strides rapidly towards you in the distance. Heavens, at what a rate he walks! Nearer he comes. He must be *somebody*; but you will scarce have time to take a steady view, ere he will shoot past you. Has he something on his mind, that those two large, wide-open eyes stare so fixedly on vacancy, half-starting from their sockets? Or is it only that he *will* tie his white cravat so tight that his full round face and toppling hat look like a large thistle on its fragile stem? And why stalketh he on (unmindful of the July sun!) with that blank, fixed look, as of unutterable pain? Is he possessed? Hath he a demon? or a steam leg? or thinketh he that he bestrides a velocipede? No sign! On, on! the figure comes, Old-Hamlet-like, but t'other way; and with a sharp, quick noise of iron heels. Another instant and it has whisked by you; disappeared, past the tall Hibernian porter through the little door of the house of commons; a brief but startling apparition of two eyes, a flushed face, (which you think you must have seen before, or something very like it,) a fawn-like figure with tapering legs, in a swallow-tailed coat, and faultless inexpressibles!

Having made your way into the strangers' gallery, by means of an order, you are observing the different great men of the day. There he is! standing by the side of a little green table near the bar, with papers in his hand, waiting to catch the speaker's eye. How restless the light, graceful figure is! is he going to dance? The feet seem as if moving to some "ditty of no tone." Positively, if the speaker does not call upon him soon he will pirouette with airy bound along the floor, and come down with an *à plomb* upon the table. Ah! he is at last released from pain—the pain of standing still. He trips gracefully up to the gentlemen in wigs, the speaker's deputies in martyrdom, delivers his papers, and drops into his seat; for (it is six years ago) he is in office—high in office; and to-night he is to introduce to the house one of the whig measures for the conciliation of Ireland. A little later and our tantalizing friend rises to speak, standing at the table with his ministerial despatch-box before him, a mountain of papers, and two oranges snug in a corner—awful symptoms of a long speech. Now you have a moment to study his countenance. Surely it is familiar to you! Did you, in the old days, visit the Haymarket Theatre? Did you ever see the Great Retired as Apollo Belvi? Do you ever ponder on the graphic works of our great limner-satirist, the mysterious "H. B.," he who foreshadows political events, grasping their hidden causes, or seizing on their ridiculous aspects, with such wondrous sagacity and wit? No; nor have you, to your knowledge, ever seen Lord Morpeth before. Yet you know those lineaments! Sir, it is *the other* face you are thinking of.

He has begun to speak. He has delivered an ambitious exordium, stilted and high-flown in language, but elevated and generous in sentiment. His voice is rather harshly high in its tone, and too uniform in its sound. But there is vigor and earnestness, and here and there a touch of manly feeling that almost startles by its contrast with the odd, overgrown-boyish, yet not unprepossessing, figure and manner. The action, also, is too formal, it has too much of the schools; and there is altogether an artificial and ambitious effort at eloquence, that makes one wish Lord Morpeth would trust more to his own unfettered impulses, and not so much to the lessons he has learned of some elocution-master, who has tried to teach him what never was taught, and never will be. The style is too much that of the "young gentlemen's academies" on examination day. But the more you hear, the more you like both the speaker and the sentiments; in spite of all his peculiarities he has warmed you up. If you don't think with him, at least you feel with him. You have forgotten, too, the little traits of the ludicrous, in the palpable moral integrity of the man before you, instinct with a consciousness of the deep responsibilities of his exalted rank and station.

Such was the Lord Morpeth of 1840. To come at the Lord Morpeth of 1846, you have but to soften down the ludicrous ideas, and extend the influence of those which are associated with respect for high moral and intellectual qualities. Five years, while they have added some silver to the gray hair which it seems is the hereditary peculiarity of his family, have smoothed off many of the angularities and strengthened the tone of his mind. His language, still ambitious, is less inflated, his manner less bombastic, his style generally more finished. He is certainly developing, not, perhaps, into a great orator, but at all events into a powerful and accomplished speaker, with great sway over the feelings of his auditory. There are in him the materials of a statesman, but of a statesman in whom the good rather than the great will predominate.

Contrasted with Earl Grey, he gains by the comparison. Although the former had the start of him in official life, he is equally, if not more efficient, from his greater patience and amenity. Lord Morpeth never excites bitterness of feeling; Lord Grey does. With equal honesty of purpose, he takes circumstances more into view, and does not run counter to public feeling where no good, but rather harm, would ensue. He takes broader views, more germane to the great object of all statesmanship and legislation, than the strict logical conclusions of Earl Grey. He reasons to a great extent through his feelings; Lord Grey subdues all feeling to the harsh necessities of experimental policy. The one gives the rein in a great measure to his sympathies, feeling that they will not lead him far wrong: with the other, to think, to reason, to prove, is to be wise; he sets up the wisdom of man's limited capacity above that higher wisdom which is based on our moral instincts. The one warms, inspires you; the other convinces, perhaps, but chills. The one makes the (untried) principles of modern political economists subservient to general policy and the wants of human nature; the other has a cast-iron mould for all things. The one would expand legislation as far as possible, trusting much to the good old forms in which the English nation has

grown up; the other would centralize, and, by centralizing, paralyze. The one trusts, perhaps, a little too much to the heart; but certainly, the other depends too entirely on the head. It almost follows that the one should be more popular than the other—at least, so is the fact. Both, no doubt, deserve credit for good intentions. Their future career will be, at no very great distance of time, perhaps, again side by side. It is to be hoped that neither the popular sympathies of Lord Morpeth, nor the personal ambition of Earl Grey, will lead them to disregard or undervalue the dangers to which their own character as statesmen and the welfare of their country will be exposed, if they too readily yield, on insufficient grounds, to the "pressure from without."

From Fraser's Magazine.

ANNETTE.

IN Widcombe churchyard, near Bath, there is a grave, over which has been placed a broken pillar bearing the word "Annette," without date or further name.

There stands beneath the chestnut shade
A solitary tomb,
The wild flowers round it droop and fade,
And then renew their bloom;
The wind doth whisper through the grass
Its mournful wild regret,
The rolling seasons o'er it pass;
But who wert thou, Annette?

The ivy clasps its tender form
Around the sculptured base,
As 't were to shield it from the storm
Within its kind embrace.
Perhaps this may a token be
Of love which sorrows yet,
And fain would shed a tear o'er thee,
Poor desolate Annette!

Yet strange it is that at thy grave
No record there should be
That might from blank oblivion save
A memory of thee:
No line to tell how good or fair,—
It is as though "forget"
Were the one word engraven there,
And not thy name, Annette.

The golden smile of even dwells
Upon thy resting-place;
Perchance of thy last hour it tells,
How Death's unfear'd embrace
Came to thee like the coming night,
And found that thou hadst yet
A smile of faith and love as bright
As this calm hour, Annette.

And yet it might be that the hour
Of thy departure came
When wintry storms began to lower,
And love, and hope, and fame,
All spread their wings to fly from thee,
And thou, with ills beset,
Laid'st down the burden joyfully
Which broke thy heart, Annette.

Perchance thy life was one long night
Of sorrow, care and pain,
That Hope's bright star shed not its light
Upon the dreary plain;
And that beneath this verdant mound,
Where oft before have met

Earth's lonely ones, thou too hast found
A home at last, Annette.

The weary and despairing heart,
Unsought, unloved before,
Would thrill with joy to find its part
In life's vain pageant o'er,
And gladly seek an unknown grave,
Where all may soon forget
How sank beneath life's turbid wave
Thy fragile form, Annette.

Perchance, when we are lying low,
And flowers above us bloom,
A future race, as we do now,
May gaze upon thy tomb,
All grey and hoary then with time,
And see that one word set,
So touching, simple, and sublime,
And ask "who was Annette?"

As little they as we can know
Of what thy tale might be,
And each surmise is idle now
And vain is sympathy.
Above thy pillared monument,
By mourners' tears unwet,
Our words and lays are idly spent
To guess thy fate, Annette.

Perchance our tombs may stand by thine,
With epitaph and name,
To tell our ancestry and line,
And blazon forth our fame;
All the fond praises friends can give
In one long record set,
Hoping the flatt'ring tale will live
When we are dead, Annette.

That hope is vain,—a hundred years,
Strange footsteps will have pressed
The spot where all our hopes and fears
Have found alike their rest.
Then some may say, if they can trace
The time-worn record yet,
"Whose is this name, and whose this race,
And what this word 'Annette?'"

Thy memory will be as dear
To future times as ours,—
Alike unmourned by sigh or tear,
Alike undecked with flowers;
Alike the weeds and grass will grow,
Where none their progress let,
On graves unknown as thine is now
To our research, Annette.

E. E. G.

THE Roman amphitheatre at Dorchester has been saved from destruction, by the British Archaeological Association. It was intended that the Weymouth Railway should pass through it; but the Association has induced the engineer, Mr. I. K. Brunel, to divert the line so as to spare the venerable monument. The area of the amphitheatre is about 218 feet by 163 feet; it is of an oval form, and is surrounded by a mound of considerable thickness, formed of blocks of chalk cut from the centre, which is consequently much lower than the external surface. This wall is about twenty feet high. The amphitheatre at Silchester is of nearly the same form and dimensions as that at Dorchester, but it is not in such a perfect state of preservation. The area of the Coliseum at Rome is somewhat larger, being 263 feet by 165 feet.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Les Steppes de la Mer Caspienne, Le Caucase, La Crimée, et la Russie Méridionale. Voyage Pittoresque, Historique, et Scientifique. (Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea, Southern Russia, &c.) BY XAVIER HOMMAIRE DE HELL. Paris. 1843—6.

UNTIL very recently the most erroneous notions generally prevailed in this country on almost every particular concerning the internal condition of the Russian empire. Its remoteness, its vast territorial extent, the prodigious numerical strength of its armies, and the gorgeous profusion with which its travelled princes and nobles strewed all the roads of Europe with their gold, suggesting fabulous visions of the wealth that fed that astounding prodigality;—all this dazzled the imagination of our countrymen; and, as they had no very urgent motives for scrutinizing the truth of such appearances, they were content to believe implicitly in their reality. If they looked to the political relations of Russia with other continental states, they found in them apparently all that was wanting to confirm their first impressions. How was it possible to doubt the intrinsic greatness of that power, by which the imperial eagle of France had been struck down when soaring at its pride of place; a power whose haughty leadership was acknowledged, sometimes willingly, sometimes with reluctance, but acknowledged always by Austria and Prussia, and before which the lesser states of Europe cowered like whipped spaniels; a power that had reduced the once terrible Ottoman Porte to virtual vassalage, and that aspired to wrest the empire of India from the grasp of Great Britain? No; the might of Russia, saving only her maritime deficiencies, was admitted without question; and therein lay for her a source of real power of which she knew how to make the amplest profit. *Possunt quia posse videntur* is an adage never better understood than by the Russian government, and marvellous, indeed, has been its elaborate and successful cultivation of all the arts of imposture. Nor does the system end with the diplomacy of the empire. Barren of invention, the Muscovites are quick imitators; and the mendacious spirit that characterizes their government, pervades likewise every phase and product of their spurious civilization. To seem the thing it is not, is the grand problem of Russian existence, personal, social, and political.

The sorry figure made by the Russian arms in their cumbrous efforts to put down the Polish insurrection of 1832, and their protracted and miserably inglorious contest with the Circassians, were not easily to be reconciled with preconceived opinions. The credulous belief in the vastness of the czar's resources was shaken; but it was not until after the publication of the works of De Custine, Lacroix, and the author of the "Revelations of Russia," that the delusion stood fully exposed. Most of our Trinculos of Western Europe have by this time begun to understand what a very shallow monster it is they took for a demigod; but if there be any whose easy good nature, or whose antiquated Tory prejudices and sympathy with despotism, still cling to the old notions, let such persons refute if they can the weighty testimony of the volumes before us. Many of the most startling disclosures made by the authors we have named, and by others besides, are here abundantly corroborated by a writer whose talents, industry, candor,

good temper, and rare opportunities for acquiring information on the subjects he treats of, entitle him to our highest confidence.

M. Hommaire, a French civil engineer, was prompted by his zeal for science to visit Southern Russia, in 1838, for the purpose of exploring the geological constitution of the Crimea, and of the vast region of plains adjoining the Black Sea. His ultimate object was to arrive at positive data for the solution of the great question so long debated by physical geographers;—the rupture of the Bosphorus. The nature of his task soon obliged him to embrace a larger field than he had at first contemplated, and to devote nearly five years to his researches in all directions, from the Danube to the Caspian, and as far south as the northern verge of the Caucasus. Twice in the course of his long sojourn, his professional services were employed on important matters by the Russian government, which conferred on him the temporary rank of colonel, rendered him on all occasions very useful aid towards promoting his comfort and facilitating his scientific labors, and finally marked its sense of his merit, by creating him a knight of the imperial order of St. Vladimir. Thus favored by the local authorities, and gifted with the talismanic virtue that encompasses the possessor of *tchin*, (rank,) without which a man is less than nobody in Russia, his means of gathering authentic information on the condition of men and things in the czar's dominions, were such as can have fallen to the lot of few other travellers. He made excellent use of his opportunities; and in what spirit he has set down the result of his observations may be inferred from the following significant words of his preface:—

"Our work is published under no one's patronage; we have kept ourselves independent of all extraneous influences; and in frankly pointing out what has seemed to us faulty in the social institutions of the Muscovite empire, we think we evince more gratitude for the hospitality afforded us in Russia than some travellers of our times, whose pages are filled only with flatteries as ridiculous as they are exaggerated."

Madame Hommaire accompanied her husband in most of his expeditions, and as she bravely shared by his side, for five long years, the fatigues and hardships of the Scythian wilds, so she has also taken her part with him in the lighter labors of authorship. To her graceful and lively pen we owe all the narrative part of the work, comprising the greater portion of the first two volumes. Is there not something extremely touching in these simple facts! Your critic, as some suppose, should be a wight of stoic mould, a sort of intellectual abstraction, regarding not the persons of authors, and mindful only of the quality of the work before him. Be this as it may, we will own that in this unobtrusive picture of wedded fellowship, there lies for us a charm apart from, and surpassing, all mere literary or scientific excellence. The devoted wife, the helpmate true and helpful in all things, is a hallowed being in our eyes; and though we had never read a line of her inditing, nor knew whether or not she was a proficient in the writer's art, we would not the less boldly aver that the native beauties of her mind would surely breathe their influence into her pages, making them redolent of kindly, pleasant, graceful thoughts and feelings. And so it is indeed with Madame Hommaire's narrative. It is before all things delightfully feminine; while perusing it, we seem

not so much to read, as to listen to the conversation of an amiable and accomplished woman, who fascinates us as much by the manner as by the matter of what she relates. Her work abounds, too, with novel and curious details, which she seizes with instinctive delicacy of perception. She has great skill in communicating her own impressions and emotions to the reader; she tells a story trippingly and well, and her unaffected gaiety never deserts her, even when she speaks of those crosses and vexations incident to all travellers, and on which many of them, in the excess of their self-commiseration, are prone to descant somewhat tediously. We will not delay our readers with further preface, but proceed to justify our encomiums by extracts. Here is an amusing glimpse at the domestic habits of the great in Southern Russia:—

"Two days afterwards we left Kherson, for the country seat of the marshal of the nobles, where a large party was already assembled. The manner in which hospitality is exercised in Russia, is very convenient, and entails no great outlay in the matter of upholstery. Those who receive visitors give themselves very little concern as to whether their guests are well or ill lodged, provided they can offer them a good table; it never occurs to them that a good bed and a room provided with some articles of furniture, are to some persons quite as acceptable as a good dinner. Whatever has no reference to the comfort of the stomach, lies beyond the range of Russian politeness, and the stranger must make up his account accordingly. As we were the last comers, we fared very queerly in point of lodging, being thrust four or five of us into one room, with no other furniture than two miserable bedsteads; and there we were left to shift for ourselves as we could. The house is very handsome in appearance; but for all its portico, its terrace, and its grand halls, it only contains two or three rooms for reception, and a few garrets, graced with the name of bedrooms. Ostentation is inherent in the Russian character, but it abounds especially among the petty nobles, who lavish away their whole income in outward show. They must have equipages with four horses, billiard-rooms, grand drawing-rooms, pianos, &c. And if they can procure all these superfluities, they are quite content to live on Mujik's fare, and to sleep in beds without anything in the shape of sheets.

"Articles of furniture, the most indispensable, are totally unknown in the dwellings of most of the second-rate nobles. Notwithstanding the vaunted progress of Russian civilization, it is almost impossible to find a basin and ewer in a bed-room. Bedsteads are almost as great rarities, and almost invariably you have nothing but a divan on which you may pass the night. You may deem yourself singularly fortunate if the mistress of the mansion thinks of sending you a blanket and a pillow; but this is so unusual a piece of good luck that you must never reckon upon it. In their own persons the Russians set an example of truly Spartan habits, as I had many opportunities of perceiving during my stay in the marshal's house. No one, the marshal himself not excepted, had a private chamber; his eldest daughter, though a very elegant and charming young lady, lay on the floor, wrapped up in a cloak like an old veteran. His wife, with three or four young children, passed the night in a closet that served as boudoir by day, and he himself made his bed on one of the

divans of the grand saloon. As for the visitors some slept on the billiard-table; others, like ourselves scrambled for a few paltry stump-bedsteads, whilst the most philosophical wore away the night in drinking and gambling.

"I say nothing as to the manner in which the domestic servants are lodged; a good guess as to this matter may be easily made from what I have just said of their masters. Besides it is a settled point in Russia never to take any heed for servants; they eat, drink, and sleep, how and where they can, and their masters never think of asking a word about the matter. The family whose guests we were was very large, and furnished us with themes for many a remark on the national usages, and the notions respecting education that are in vogue in the empire. A Swiss governess is an indispensable piece of furniture in every house in which there are many children. She must teach them to read, write, and speak French, and play a few mazurkas on the piano. No more is required of her; for solid instruction is a thing almost unknown among the petty nobles. A girl of fifteen has completed her education if she can do the honors of a drawing-room, and warble a few French romances. Yet I have met with several exceptions to this rule, foremost among which I must note our host's pretty daughter Loubinka, who, thanks to a sound understanding and quick apprehension, has acquired such a stock of information as very few Russian ladies possess.

"It is only among those families that constantly reside on their estates that we still find in full vigor all those prejudices, superstitions, and usages of old Russia, that are handed down as heir-looms from generation to generation, and keep strong hold on all the rustic nobility. No people are more superstitious than the Russians; the sight of two crossed forks, or of a salt-cellar upset, will make them turn pale and tremble with terror. There are unlucky days on which nothing could induce them to set out on a journey or begin any business. Monday especially is marked with a red cross in their calendar, and woe to the man who would dare to brave its malign influence.

"Among the Russian customs most sedulously preserved is that of mutual salutations after meals. Nothing can be more amusing than to see all the persons round the table bowing right and left with a gravity that proves the importance they attach to a formality so singular in our eyes. The children set the example by respectfully kissing the hands of their parents. In all social meetings etiquette peremptorily requires that the young ladies, instead of sitting in the drawing-room, shall remain by themselves in an adjoining apartment, and not allow any young man to approach them. If there is dancing, the gravest matron in the company goes and brings them almost by force into the ball-room. Once there, they may indulge their youthful vivacity without restraint; but on no pretext are they to withdraw from beneath the eyes of their mothers or chaperons. It would be ruinous to a young lady's reputation to be caught in a tête-à-tête with a young man within two steps of the ball-room. But all this prudery extends no further than outward forms, and it would be a grand mistake to suppose that there is more morality in Russia than elsewhere. Genuine virtue, such as is based on sound principles and an enlightened education, is not very common there. Young girls are jealously guarded, because the practice is in accordance with the general habits and feelings of the

country, and little reliance is placed in their own sense of propriety. But once married, they acquire the right of conducting themselves as they please, and the husband will find it a hard matter to control their actions. Though divorces are almost impossible to obtain, it does not follow that all wives remain with their husbands; on the contrary, nothing is more common than amicable arrangements between married people to wink at each other's peccadilloes; such conventions excite no scandal, and do not exclude the wife from society. One of these divorces I will mention, which is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of the civilized world.

"A very pretty and sprightly young Polish lady was married to a man of great wealth, but much older than herself, and a thorough Muscovite in coarseness of character and habits. After two or three years spent in wrangling and plaguing each other, the ill-assorted pair resolved to travel, in the hopes of escaping the intolerable sort of life they led at home. A residence in Italy, the chosen land of intrigues and illicit amours, soon settled the case. The young wife eloped with an Italian nobleman, whose passion ere long grew so intense that nothing would satisfy him short of a legal sanction of their union. Divorces, as every one knows, are easily obtained in the pope's dominions. Madame de K. had therefore no difficulty in causing her marriage to be annulled, especially with the help of her lord and master, who for the first time since they had come together, agreed with her heart and soul. Everything was promptly arranged, and *Monsieur* carried his complaisance so far as to be present as an official witness at *Madame's* wedding, doubtless for the purpose of thoroughly making sure of its validity. Three or four children were the fruit of this new union; but the lady's happiness was of short duration. Her domestic peace was destroyed by the intrigues of her second husband's family; perhaps, too, the Italian's love had cooled; be this as it may, after some months of miserable struggles and humiliations, sentence of separation was finally pronounced against her, and she found herself suddenly without fortune or protector, burdened with a young family, and weighed down with fearful anticipations of the future. Her first step was to leave a country where such cruel calamities had befallen her, and to return to Podolia, the land of her birth. Hitherto her story is like hundreds of others, and I should not have thought of narrating it had it ended there; but what almost surpasses belief, and gives it a stamp of originality altogether out of the common line, is the conduct of her first husband when he heard of her return. That brutal, inconstant man, who had trampled on all social decencies in attending at the marriage of his wife with another, did all in his power to induce her to return to his house. By dint of unwearied efforts and entreaties he succeeded in overcoming her scruples, and bore her home in triumph along with her children by the Italian, on whom he settled part of his fortune. From that time forth the most perfect harmony subsists between the pair, and seems likely long to continue. I saw a letter written by the lady two or three months after her return beneath the conjugal roof; it breathed the liveliest gratitude and the fondest affection for him whom she called *her beloved husband*."

Apropos to the chapter matrimonial here touched on, we find the following anecdote of General Kherasanof, a man of great wealth, and son-in-law of the celebrated Hettman Platof:—

"On entering the first *salon* we met the general, who immediately presented us to his two wives. But, the reader will say, is bigamy allowed among the Cossacks? Not exactly so; but if the laws and public opinion are against it, still a man of high station may easily evade both; and General Kherasanof has been living for many years in open, avowed bigamy, without finding that his *salons* are the less frequented on account of such a trifle. In Russia, wealth covers everything with its glittering veil, and sanctions every kind of eccentricity, however opposed to the usages of the land, provided it redeem them by plenty of balls and entertainments. Public opinion, such as exists in France, is here altogether unknown. The majority leave scruples of conscience to timorous souls, without even so much as acknowledging their merit.

"A man the slave of his word, and a woman of her reputation, could not be understood in a country where caprice reigns as absolute sovereign. A Russian lady, to whom I made some remarks on this subject, answered *naïvely*, that none but low people could be affected by scandal, inasmuch as censure can only proceed from superiors. She was perfectly right, for, situated as the nobility are, who would dare to criticise and condemn their faults? In order that public opinion should exist, there must be an independent class, capable of uttering its judgments without fearing the vengeance of those it calls before its bar; there must be a free country in which the acts of every individual may be impartially appreciated; in short, the words justice, honor, honesty, and delicacy of feeling must have a real meaning, instead of being the sport of an elegant and corrupt caste, that systematically makes a mock of all things not subservient to its caprices and its passions.

"It is said that the two co-wives live on the best possible terms with each other. The general seems quite at his ease with respect to them, and goes from the one to the other with the same marks of attention and affection. His first wife is very old, and might be taken for the mother of the second. We were assured that being greatly distressed at having no children, she had herself advised her husband to make a new choice. The general fixed on a very pretty young peasant working on his own property. In order to diminish the great disparity of rank between them he married her to one of his officers, who, on coming out of church, received orders to depart instantly on a distant mission, from which he never returned. Some time afterwards the young woman was installed in the general's brilliant mansion, and presented to all his acquaintances as Madame Kherasanof."

The account Madame Hommaire gives of her visit to a Kalmuck prince and princess will surprise those whose notions of that people are derived from such travellers as Dr. Clarke, by whom they are described as among the most forbidding in aspect and features, and the most loathsome in habits of the whole human race.

"The little island belonging to Prince Tumene stands alone in the middle of the river. From a distance it looks like a nest of verdure resting on the waves, and waiting only a breath of wind to send it floating down the rapid course of Volga. But, as you advance, the land unfolds before you, the trees form themselves into groups, and the prince's palace displays a portion of its white façade, and the open galleries of its turrets. Every object

assumes a more decided and more picturesque form, and stands out in clear relief, from the cupola of the mysterious pagoda which you see towering above the trees, to the humble kikitka glittering in the magic tints of sunset. The landscape, as it presented itself successively to our eyes, with the unruffled mirror of the Volga for its framework, wore a calm, but strange and profoundly melancholy character. It was like nothing we had ever seen before; it was a new world which fancy might people as it pleased; one of those mysterious isles one dreams of at fifteen after reading the 'Arabian Nights'; a thing, in short, such as crosses the traveller's path but once in all his wanderings, and which we enjoyed with all the zest of unexpected pleasure."

After describing her courteous reception, and the slight shock of disappointment she experienced at finding so much that reminded her of Europe in the habitation of a real Kalmuck prince, she continues:—

"After the first civilities were over, I was conducted to a very handsome chamber, with windows opening on a large verandah. I found in it a toilette apparatus in silver, very elegant furniture, and many objects both rare and precious. My surprise augmented continually as I beheld this aristocratic sumptuousness. In vain I looked for anything that could remind me of the Kalmucks; nothing around me had a tinge of *couleur locale*; all seemed rather to bespeak the abode of a rich Asiatic nawab: and with a little effort of imagination I might easily have fancied myself transported into the marvellous world of the fairies, as I beheld that magnificent palace encircled with water, its exterior fretted all over with balconies and fantastic ornaments, and its interior all filled with velvets, tapestries, and crystals, as though the touch of a wand had made all these wonders start from the bosom of the Volga! And what completed the illusion was the thought that the author of these prodigies was a Kalmuck prince, a chief of those half-savage tribes that wander over the sandy plains of the Caspian Sea, a worshipper of the grand Lama, a believer in the metempsychosis; in short, one of those beings whose existence seems to us almost fabulous, such a host of mysterious legends do their names awaken in the mind. * * *

"Prince Tumene is the wealthiest and most influential of all the Kalmuck chiefs. In 1815 he raised a regiment at his own expense, and led it to Paris, for which meritorious service he was rewarded with numerous decorations. He has now the rank of colonel, and he was the first of this nomade people who exchanged his kikitka for an European dwelling. Absolute master in his own family, (among the Kalmucks the same respect is paid to the eldest brother as to the father,) he employs his authority only for the good of those around him. He possesses about a million desiatines of land, and several hundred families, from which he derives a considerable revenue. His race, which belongs to the tribe of the Koshots, is one of the most ancient and respected among the Kalmucks. Repeatedly tried by severe afflictions, his mind has taken an exclusively religious bent, and the superstitious practices to which he devotes himself give him a great reputation for sanctity among his countrymen. An isolated pavilion placed at some distance from the palace is his habitual abode, where he passes his life in prayers and religious conference with the most celebrated priests of the country. No one but these latter is allowed admission into

his mysterious sanctuary; even his brothers have never entered it. This is assuredly a singular mode of existence, especially if we compare it with that which he might lead amidst the splendor and conveniences with which he has embellished his palace, and which betoken a cast of thought far superior to what we should expect to find in a Kalmuck. This voluntary sacrifice of earthly delights, this asceticism caused by moral sufferings, strikingly reminds us of Christianity and the origin of our religious orders. Like the most fervent Catholics, this votary of Lama seeks in solitude, prayer, austerity, and the hope of another life, consolations which all his fortune is powerless to afford him! Is not this the history of many a Trappist or Carthusian?

"The position of the palace is exquisitely chosen, and shows a sense of the beautiful as developed as that of the most civilized nations. It is built in the Chinese style, and is prettily seated on the gentle slope of a hill about a hundred feet from the Volga. Its numerous galleries afford views over every part of the isle, and the imposing surface of the river. From one of the angles the eye looks down on a mass of foliage, through which glitter the cupola and golden ball of the pagoda. Beautiful meadows, dotted over with clumps of trees, and fields in high cultivation, unfold their carpets of verdure on the left of the palace, and form different landscapes which the eye can take in at once. The whole is enlivened by the presence of Kalmuck horsemen, camels wandering here and there through the rich pastures, and officers conveying the chief's orders from tent to tent. It is a beautiful spectacle, various in its details, and no less harmonious in its assemblage. * * *

"At an early hour next day, Madame Zakarevitch came to accompany us to the prince's sister-in-law, who, during the fine season, resides in her kikitka in preference to the palace. Nothing could be more agreeable to us than this proposal. At last then I was about to see Kalmuck manners and customs without any foreign admixture. On the way I learned that the princess was renowned among her people for extreme beauty and accomplishments, besides many other details which contributed further to augment my curiosity. We formed a tolerably large party when we reached her tent, and as she had been informed of our intended visit, we enjoyed, on entering, a spectacle that far surpassed our anticipations. When the curtain at the doorway of the kikitka was raised, we found ourselves in a rather spacious room, lighted from above, and hung with red damask, the reflection from which shed a glowing tint on every object; the floor was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and the air was loaded with perfumes. In this balmy atmosphere and crimson light we perceived the princess seated on a low platform at the further end of the tent, dressed in glistening robes, and as motionless as an idol. Some twenty women in full dress, sitting on their heels, formed a strange and particolored circle round her. It was like nothing I could compare it to but an opera scene suddenly got up on the banks of the Volga. When the princess had allowed us time enough to admire her, she slowly descended the steps of the platform, approached us with dignity, took me by the hand, embraced me affectionately, and led me to the place she had just left. She did the same by Madame Zakarevitch and her daughter, and then graciously saluting the persons who accompanied us, she motioned them to be seated on a large divan

opposite the platform. No mistress of a house in Paris could have done better. When every one had found a place, she sat down beside me, and through the medium of an Armenian, who spoke Russian and Kalmuck extremely well, she made me a thousand compliments, that gave me a very high opinion of her capacity. With the Armenian's assistance we were able to put many questions to each other, and notwithstanding the awkwardness of being obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, the conversation was far from growing languid, so eager was the princess for information of every kind. The Armenian, who was a merry soul, constituted himself, of his own authority, grand master of the ceremonies, and commenced his functions by advising the princess to give orders for the opening of the ball. Immediately upon a sign from the latter, one of the ladies of honor rose and performed a few steps, turning slowly upon herself; whilst another, who remained seated, drew forth from a balalaika (an Oriental guitar) some melancholy sounds, by no means appropriate to the occasion. Nor were the attitudes and movements of her companion more accordant with our notions of dancing. They formed a pantomime, the meaning of which I could not ascertain, but which, by its languishing monotony, expressed anything but pleasure or gaiety. The young *figurante* frequently stretched out her arms and knelt down as if to invoke some invisible being. The performance lasted a considerable time, during which I had full opportunity to scrutinize the princess, and saw good reason to justify the high renown in which her beauty was held among her own people. Her figure is imposing and extremely well-proportioned, as far as her numerous garments allowed me to judge. Her mouth, finely arched and adorned with beautiful teeth, her countenance, expressive of great sweetness, her skin, somewhat brown, but remarkably delicate, would entitle her to be thought a very handsome woman, even in France, if the outline of her face and the arrangement of her features were only a trifle less Kalmuck. Nevertheless, in spite of the obliquity of her eyes and the prominence of her cheek-bones, she would still find many an admirer, not in Kalmuckia alone, but all the world over. Her looks convey an expression of the utmost gentleness and good-nature, and, like all the women of her race, she has an air of caressing humility, which makes her appearance still more winning.

"Now for her costume. Over a very rich robe of Persian stuff, laced all over with silver, she wore a light silk tunic, reaching only to the knee, and open in front. The high corsage was quite flat, and glittered with silver embroidery and fine pearls that covered all the seams. Round her neck she had a white cambric habit shirt, the shape of which seemed to me like that of a man's shirt collar. It was fastened in front by a diamond button. Her very thick, deep black hair fell over her bosom in two magnificent tresses of remarkable length. A yellow cap, edged with rich fur, and resembling in shape the square cap of a French judge, was set jauntily on the crown of her head. But what surprised me most in her costume was an embroidered cambric handkerchief and a pair of black mittens. Thus, it appears, the productions of our workshops find their way even to the toilette of a great Kalmuck lady. Among the princess' ornaments I must not forget to enumerate a large gold chain, which, after being wound round her beautiful tresses, fell over her bosom, passing on its way

through her gold earrings. Her whole attire, such as I have described it, looked much less barbarous than I had expected. The ladies of honor, though less richly clad, wore robes and caps of the same form; only they had not advanced so far as to wear mittens.

"The dancing lady, after figuring for half an hour, went and touched the shoulder of one of her companions, who took her place, and began the same figures over again. When she had done, the Armenian urged the princess that her daughter, who until then had kept herself concealed behind a curtain, should also give a specimen of her skill; but there was a difficulty in the case. No lady of honor had a right to touch her, and this formality was indispensable according to established usage. Not to be baffled by this obstacle, the Armenian sprang gaily into the middle of the circle, and began to dance in so original a manner, that every one enthusiastically applauded. Having thus satisfied the exigency of Kalmuck etiquette, he stepped up to the curtain and laid his finger lightly on the shoulder of the young lady, who could not refuse an invitation thus made in all due form. Her dancing appeared to us less wearisome than that of the ladies of honor, thanks to her pretty face and her timid and languishing attitudes. She in her turn touched her brother, a handsome lad of fifteen, dressed in the Cossack costume, who appeared exceedingly mortified at being obliged to put a Kalmuck cap on his head in order to exhibit the dance in all its nationality. Twice he dashed his cap on the ground with a most comical air of vexation; but his mother rigidly insisted on his putting it on again.

"The dancing of the men is as imperious and animated as that of the women is tame and monotonous; the spirit of domination displays itself in all their gestures, in the bold expression of their looks and their noble bearing. It would be impossible for me to describe all the evolutions the young prince went through with equal grace and rapidity. The elasticity of his limbs was as remarkable as the perfect measure observed in his most complicated steps.

"After the ball came the concert. The women played one after the other on the balalaika, and then sang in chorus. But there is as little variety in their music as in their dancing. At last we were presented with different kinds of koumis and sweetmeats on large silver trays.

"When we came out from the kabitka the princess' brother-in-law took us to a herd of wild horses, where one of the most extraordinary scenes awaited us. The moment we were perceived, five or six mounted men, armed with long lassoes, rushed into the middle of the *taboun*, (herd of horses,) keeping their eyes constantly fixed on the young prince, who was to point out the animal they should seize. The signal being given, they instantly galloped forward and noosed a young horse with a long dishevelled mane, whose dilated eyes and smoking nostrils betokened inexpressible terror. A lightly-clad Kalmuck, who followed them on foot, immediately sprang upon the stallion, cut the thongs that were throttling him, and engaged with him in an incredible contest of daring and agility. It would be impossible, I think, for any spectacle more vividly to affect the mind than that which now met our eyes. Sometimes the rider and his horse rolled together on the grass; sometimes they shot through the air with the speed of an arrow, and then stopped abruptly, as if a wall

had all at once risen up before them. On a sudden the furious animal would crawl on its belly, or rear in a manner that made us shriek with terror, then plunging forward again in his mad gallop he would dash through the taboun, and endeavor in every possible way to shake off his novel burden.

"But this exercise, violent and dangerous as it appeared to us, seemed but sport to the Kalmuck, whose body followed all the movements of the animal with so much suppleness that one would have fancied that the same thought possessed both bodies. The sweat poured in foaming streams from the stallion's flanks, and he trembled in every limb. As for the rider, his coolness would have put to shame the most accomplished horsemen in Europe. In the most critical moments he still found himself at liberty to wave his arms in token of triumph; and in spite of the indomitable humor of his steed, he had sufficient command over it to keep it almost always within the circle of our vision. At a signal from the prince, two horsemen, who had kept as close as possible to the daring centaur, seized him with amazing quickness and galloped away with him before we had time to comprehend this new manœuvre. The horse, for a moment stupefied, soon made off at full speed, and was lost in the midst of the herd. These performances were repeated several times without a single rider suffering himself to be thrown.

"But what was our amazement when we saw a boy of ten years come forward to undertake the same exploit! They selected for him a young white stallion of great size, whose fiery bounds and desperate efforts to break his bonds, indicated a most violent temper.

"I will not attempt to depict our intense emotions during this new conflict. This child, who, like the other riders, had only the horse's mane to cling to, afforded an example of the power of reasoning over instinct and brute force. For some minutes he maintained his difficult position with heroic intrepidity. At last, to our great relief, a horseman rode up to him, caught him up in his outstretched arm, and threw him on the croup behind him."

We pass over the account of that day's dinner; its choice cookery, half Russian and half French; the rich service of plate; the profusion of Spanish and French wines, and the toasts in honor of the Emperor of Russia and the King of France, &c. &c. All this was in very good style, and common-place in the same proportion. After dinner the visitors proceeded to the mysterious pagoda, which had so much excited their curiosity.

"The moment we set foot on the threshold of the temple, our ears were assailed with a *charivari*, compared with which a score or two of great bells set in motion promiscuously, would have been harmony itself. It almost deprived us of the power of perceiving what was going on around us. The noise was so piercing, discordant, and savage that we were completely stupefied, and there was no possibility of exchanging a word.

"The perpetrators of this terrible uproar, in other words the musicians, were arranged in two parallel lines facing each other; at their head, in the direction of the altar, the high-priest knelt quite motionless on a rich Persian carpet, and behind them towards the entrance stood the *ghepki*, or master of the ceremonies, dressed in a scarlet robe and a deep yellow hood, and having in his hand a long staff, the emblem, no doubt, of his dignity. The other priests, all kneeling as well as

the musicians, and looking like grotesque Chinese in their features and attitudes, wore dresses of glaring colors, loaded with gold and silver brocade, consisting of wide tunics, with open sleeves, and a sort of mitre with several broad points. Their head-dress somewhat resembled that of the ancient Peruvians, except that instead of feathers they had plates covered with religious paintings, besides which there rose from the centre a long straight tuft of black silk, tied up so as to form a series of little balls, diminishing from the base to the summit. Below, this tuft spread out into several tresses which fell down on the shoulders. But what surprised us most of all was the musical instruments. Besides the enormous timbrels and the Chinese tamtam, there were large sea-shells used as horns, and two huge tubes, three or four yards long, and each supported on two props. My husband ineffectually endeavored to sound these trumpets; none but the stentorian lungs of the vigorous Mandschis could give them breath. If there is neither tune, nor harmony, nor method in the religious music of the Kalmucks, by way of amends for this every one makes as much noise as he can in his own way and according to the strength of his lungs. The concert began by a jingling of little bells, then the timbrels and tamtams struck up, and lastly, after the shrill squeakings of the shells, the two great trumpets began to bellow, and made all the windows of the temple shake. It would be impossible for me to depict all the oddity of this ceremony. Now indeed we felt that we were thousands of leagues away from Europe, in the heart of Asia, in a pagoda of the Grand Dalai Lama, of Thibet.

"The temple, lighted by a row of large windows, is adorned with slender columns of stuccoed brick-work, the lightness of which reminds one of the graceful Moorish architecture. A gallery runs all round the dome, which is also remarkable for the extreme delicacy of its workmanship. Tapestries, representing a multitude of good and evil genii, monstrous idols and fabulous animals, cover all parts of the pagoda, and give it an aspect much more grotesque than religious. The veneration of the worshippers of Lama for their images is so great, that we could not approach these mis-shapen gods without covering our mouths with a handkerchief, lest we should profane them with an unhallowed breath.

"The priests showed how much they disliked our minute examination of everything, by the uneasiness with which they continually watched all our movements. Their fear, as we afterwards learned, was lest we should take a fancy to purloin some of those mystic images we scrutinized so narrowly; certainly they had good reason to be alarmed, for the will was not wanting on our part. But we were obliged to content ourselves with gazing at them with looks of the most profound respect, consoling ourselves with the hope of having our revenge on a more favorable occasion."

Having borrowed so largely from the lady, we will now turn to her husband's portion of the work.—His exposition of the pernicious effects which prohibitive duties have wrought on both the trade and agriculture of Russia, is a very clear and convincing document. Though strongly inclined to epitomize it here, we resist the temptation, in the consciousness that additional arguments and illustrations in support of free trade doctrines are scarcely needed among us at this moment. The advocates of protection are not to be convinced by

any reasoning; fortunately, they are a minority and must yield to necessity. However, as the repeal of the corn-laws must lead to extensive changes in our foreign trading relations, our author's remarks on the commerce of the Black Sea deserve the serious attention of both parties, of those who hope for, and those who fear a great immediate influx of corn into our ports from the shores of Southern Russia. Both appear to entertain very exaggerated notions on this subject. The immense tracts of virgin soil possessed by Russia, and her command of slave labor, will, it is assumed, enable her to produce cheap corn in unlimited quantity. This may be so, and the corn may rot on the ground for want of purchasers. Before it can reach the coast its price must be enormously enhanced by the cost of carriage over huge distances, through a country that can scarcely be said to have even the rudiments of a system of roads or internal navigation. Besides this, the Russian tariff reacts deplorably on her own exports, especially on her corn trade; and it is a certain fact that agriculture is at this moment in a state of extreme depression in the most fertile governments of New Russia.

Whenever any of the thousand festering evils that prey upon the body of the Muscovite empire are exposed to view, some fond admirer of despotism gets up and tells us of the czar's enlightened views, the prodigious designs for the amelioration of his people with which his godlike brain is teeming, and so forth. This is mere slavish drivelling. Some high and praiseworthy qualities Nicholas undoubtedly inherits from nature, which not even the awful curse of his position can wholly extinguish; but the best excuse which charity itself can offer for the manifold wickednesses perpetrated by him directly and indirectly, is, that he is condemned to the most pitiable state of ignorance by the inevitable force of circumstances. This "God on earth" of sixty millions of men, as he is officially styled in the prayers prescribed for his soldiers, is a blind puppet in the hands of the most sordid jugglers. "The saddest of all things in Russia," says M. Hommaire, "is that the truth never finds its way to the head of the state, and that a public functionary would think himself undone if he divulged the real state of things: hence in all the documents, reports, and tables laid before the emperor, the fair side of the question is alone acknowledged, and the unfavorable is disguised." There is no hope for Russia in the wisdom of its government, which is actuated in its home administration by one fixed idea, that of effacing all local peculiarities however innocent or even vitally subservient to the general good, and reducing all the heterogeneous elements of the empire to one invariable standard. Uniformity is to be produced at all costs by the vulgar device of lopping and crushing down all things to the dead level of a slave population. Some of Nicholas' wiser predecessors, his grandmother Catharine especially, occasionally deviated from their usual routine in this respect, as in the case of the German colonies in the south. Wherever this was done, there grew up palpable standing evidence of the great benefits to be derived from a liberal policy. Favored by the reasonable immunities conferred on them, the industrious German and Bulgarian colonists became most valuable pioneers of civilization. They reclaimed the waste steppe and brought it under profitable cultivation; they offered to their Russian neighbors the best models these had yet seen of agriculture and gardening; and while they main-

tained themselves in rude plenty by their honest thrift, they contributed largely to the coffers of the state. They were never in arrear with their taxes, and what capital they accumulated was always employed in useful undertakings. When there was famine in the country, it was always to them the improvident Russians looked for the means of subsistence. It was with good reason that a German colonist said proudly to his countryman Kohl, "When the emperor comes into this country he cannot but rejoice to see us here: he must own it is to us that Russia owes the cultivation of the steppe."

The most valuable immunity formerly enjoyed by the colonies was, that their relations with the state were managed in a direct and simple manner by a special committee, so that they were exempt from the villanous extortion and maladministration that afflicted the rest of the community. In almost any other country than Russia no one would have thought of disturbing a system that was found to work so well; but they manage things differently in St. Petersburg. For several years the government has been contriving measures to put its foreign subjects on the same footing with the crown serfs; the colonial committee was suppressed in 1841, and in less than two years several hundred families forsook their lands in consequence, and returned to Germany. "Seeing the corruption and venality of the Russian functionaries," says our author, "this change of system will bring ruin upon the colonists. In spite of all the efforts and the good intentions of the government, when once the Germans are subjected to nearly the same laws as the crown serfs, they will no longer be able to save their property from the rapacity of their new rulers."

The Russian nation is divided into two great classes: the aristocracy, who enjoy all the privileges, and the people who support all the burdens of the state. There is no middle class, though there are a million and a half of merchants and burghers capable of forming the nucleus of such a body, and needing only a word from the emperor's lips to raise them to the position they are naturally entitled to hold. But they wait in vain for that word; meanwhile, they are treated with the most arrogant disdain by the privileged rabble above them, who plunder and maltreat them on all occasions. Nicholas has of late years shown a disposition to befriend them in some trifling particulars; but the only real service they require at his hands is permission to enjoy, in right of their pecuniary means and their useful calling, the same privileges which are conferred on the lowest clerk or porter in the public offices. This simple act of justice would go far to change the face of society in Russia; it would augment and consolidate a most valuable body of men; it would gradually extinguish the abuses of the nobiliary system; and it would immediately rid the public service of all those useless underlings who now crowd it only with a view to acquire a footing among the privileged orders.

The constitution of the Russian aristocracy is very peculiar, and is (next under despotism) the chief cause of the majority of those evils under which the country labors.

"The first important modifications in the constitution of the noblesse were anterior to Peter the Great; and Feodor Alexievitch, by burning the charters of the aristocracy, made the first attempt towards destroying the distinction which the boy-

ards wanted to establish between the great and the petty nobles. It is a curious fact, that at the accession of the latter monarch to the throne most offices of state were hereditary in Russia, and it was not an uncommon thing to forego the services of a man who would have made an excellent general, merely because his ancestors had not filled that high post, which men of no military talent obtained by right of birth. Frequent mention has of late been made of the celebrated phrase, *The boyars have been of opinion and the czar has ordained*, and it has been made the theme of violent accusations against the usurpation of the Muscovite sovereigns. Historical facts demonstrate that the supposed power of the nobility was always illusory, and that the so much vaunted and regretted institution, in reality, served only to relieve the tzars from all personal responsibility. The spirit of resistance, whatever may be said to the contrary, was never a characteristic of the Russian nobility. No doubt there have been frequent conspiracies in Russia; but they have always been directed against the life of the reigning sovereign, and never in any respect against existing institutions. The facility with which Christianity was introduced into the country affords a striking proof of the blind servility of the Russian people. Vladimir caused proclamation to be made one day in the town of Kiev, that all the inhabitants were to repair next day to the banks of the Dnieper and receive baptism; and accordingly at the appointed hour on the morrow, without the least tumult or show of force, all the inhabitants of Kiev were Christians.

"The existing institutions of the Russian noblesse date from the reign of Peter the Great. The innovations of that sovereign excited violent dissatisfaction, and the nobles, not yet broken in to the yoke they now bear, caused their monarch much serious uneasiness. The means which appeared to Peter best adapted for cramping the old aristocracy, was to throw open the field of honors to all his subjects who were not serfs. But in order to avoid too rudely shocking established prejudices, he made a difference between nobles and commoners as to the period of service entitling them respectively to obtain that first step which was to place them both on the same level. Having then established the gradations of rank and the conditions of promotion, and desirous of ratifying his institutions by his example, he feigned submission to them in his own person, and passed successively through all the steps of the scale he had appointed.

"The rank of officer in the military service makes the holder a gentleman in blood, that is, confers hereditary nobility; but in the civil service this quality is only personal up to the rank of college assessor, which corresponds to that of major.

"The individual once admitted into the fourteenth or lowest class becomes noble, and enjoys all the privileges of nobility as much as a count of the empire, with this exception only, that he cannot have vassals of his own before he has attained the grade of college assessor, unless he be noble born.

"It results from this system that consideration is attached in Russia, not to birth, but merely to the grade occupied. As promotion from one rank to another is obtained after a period of service specified by the statutes, or sooner through private interest, there is no college registrar, (14th class.)

whatever be his parentage, but may aspire to attain precedence over the first families in the empire; and examples of such elevation are not rare. It must be owned, however, that the old families have more chance of advancement than the others: but they owe this advantage to their wealth rather than to their personal influence.

"With all the apparent liberality of this scheme of nobility it has, nevertheless, proved admirably subservient to the policy of the Muscovite sovereigns. The old aristocracy has lost every kind of influence, and its great families, most of them resident in Moscow, can now only protest, by their inaction and their absence from court, against the state of insignificance to which they have been reduced, and from which they have no chance of recovery.

"Had it been necessary for all aspirants to nobility to pass through the wretched condition of the common soldier, it is evident that the empire would not possess one-tenth of its present number of nobles. Notwithstanding their abject and servile condition, very few commoners would have the courage to ennoble themselves by undergoing such a noviciate, with the stick hanging over them for many years. But they had the alternative of the civil service, which led to the same result by a less thorny path, and offered even comparatively many more advantages to them than to the nobles by blood. Whereas the latter, on entering the military service, only appear for a brief while for form's sake in the ranks, become noncommissioned officers immediately, and officers in a few months, they are compelled in the civil service to act for two or three years as supernumeraries in some public office, before being promoted to the first grade. It is true, the preliminary term of service is fixed for commoners at twelve years, but we have already spoken of the facilities they possess for abridging this apprenticeship.

"But this excessive facility for obtaining the privileges of nobility, has given rise to a subaltern aristocracy, the most insupportable and oppressive imaginable; and has enormously multiplied the number of *employés* in the various departments. Every Russian, not a serf, takes service as a matter of course, were it only to obtain rank in the fourteenth class; for otherwise, he would fall back almost into the condition of the slaves, would be virtually unprotected, and would be exposed to the continual vexations of the nobility and the public functionaries. Hence, many individuals gladly accept a salary of sixty francs a year, for the permission to act as clerks in some department, and so it comes to pass that the subaltern *employés* are obliged to rob for the means of subsistence. This is one of the chief causes of the venality and the defective condition of the Russian administrative departments.

"Peter the Great's regulations were excellent no doubt in the beginning, and hardly could that sovereign have devised a more efficacious means of mastering the nobility, and prostrating them at his feet. But now that the intended result has been amply obtained, these institutions require to be modified; for, under the greatly altered circumstances of the country, they only serve to augment beyond measure the numbers of a pernicious bureaucracy, and to impede the development of the middle class. To obtain admission into the fourteenth class, and become a noble, is the sole ambition of a priest's or merchant's son, an ambition fully justified by the unhappy condition of

all but the privileged orders. There is no country in which persons engaged in trade, are held in lower esteem than in Russia. They are daily subjected to the insults of the lowest clerks, and it is only by dint of bribery they can obtain the smallest act of justice. How often have I seen in the post stations, unfortunate merchants, who had been waiting for forty-eight hours and more, for the good pleasure of the clerk, without daring to complain. It mattered nothing that their papers were quite regular, the noble of the fourteenth class did not care for that, nor would he give them horses until he had squeezed a good sum out of the *particularnii tcheveviki*, as he called them in his aristocratic pride. The same annoyances await the foreigner, who, on the strength of his passport, undertakes a journey without a decoration at his button hole, or any title to give him importance. I speak from experience; for more than two years spent in traversing Russia, as a private individual, enabled me fully to appreciate the obliging disposition of the fourteenth class nobles. At a later period, being employed on a scientific mission by the government, I held successively the rank of major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel; and then I had nothing to complain of; the posting-clerks, and the other *employés* received me with all the politeness imaginable. I never had to wait for horses, and as the title with which I was decked authorized me to distribute a few cuts of the whip with impunity, my orders were fulfilled with quite magical promptitude.

"Under such a system, the aristocracy would increase without end in a free country. But it is not so in Russia, where the number of those who can arrive at a grade is extremely limited, the vast majority of the population being slaves. Thus the hereditary and personal nobility comprise no more than 563,653 males; though all free-born Russians enter the military or civil service, and remain at their posts as long as possible; for once they have returned into mere private life they sink into mere oblivion. From the moment he has put on plain clothes, the most deserving functionary is exposed to the vexations of the lowest subalterns, who then omit no opportunity of lording over their former superior.

"Such social institutions have fatally contributed to excite a most decided antipathy between the old and the new aristocracy; and the emperor naturally accords his preference and his favors to those who owe him everything, and from whom he has nothing to fear. In this way the new nobles have insensibly supplanted the old boyars. But their places and pecuniary gains naturally attach them to the established government, and consequently they are quite devoid of all revolutionary tendencies. Equally disliked by the old aristocracy whom they have supplanted, and by the peasants whom they oppress, they are, moreover, too few in numbers to be able to act by themselves; and, in addition to this, the high importance attached to the distinctions of rank, prevents all real union or sympathy between the members of this branch of Russian society. The czar, who perfectly understands the character of this body, is fully aware of its venality and corruption; and if he honors it with his special favor, this is only because he finds in it a more absolute and blind submission than in the old aristocracy, whose ambitious yearnings after their ancient prerogatives cannot but be at variance with the imperial will. As for any revolutions which could possibly arise

out of the discontent of this latter order, we may be assured they will never be directed against the political and moral system of the country; they will always be, as they have always been, aimed solely against the individual at the head of the government. Conspiracies of this kind are the only ones now possible in Russia, and what proves this fact is, the impotence of that resentment the tzars have provoked on the part of the old aristocracy, whenever they have touched on the question of emancipating the serfs.

"The tzars have shown no less dexterity than the kings of France in their struggles against the aristocracy, and they have been much more favored by circumstances. We see the Russian sovereigns bent, like Louis XI., on prostrating the great feudatories of the realm; but there was this difference between their respective tasks, that the French nobles could bring armies into the field, and often did so, whereas the Russian nobles can only counteract the power of their ruler by secret conspiracies, and will never succeed in stirring up their peasants against the imperial authority.

"What may we conclude are the destinies in store for the Russian nobility, and what part will it play in the future history of the country? It seems to us to possess little inherent vigor and vitality, and we doubt that a radical regeneration of the empire is ever to be expected at its hands. The influence of Europe has been fatal to it. It has sought to assimilate itself too rapidly with our modern civilization, and to place itself too rapidly on a level with the nations of the west. Its efforts have necessarily produced only corruption, demoralization, and a factitious, superficial civilization, which, by bastardizing the country, has deprived it of whatever natural strength it once possessed."

Every man in Russia has his price: that is the rule, and the exceptions, if any there be, are pitied and despised as instances of eccentric folly. It will easily be imagined what the administration of justice must be in a country where bribes avowedly constitute the chief part of the income of every office under the crown, and where the laws, *i. e.* the imperial ukases, are so multitudinous and contradictory, that the judge can always avail himself of the strict letter of the law to warrant any decision he may pronounce, be it ever so absurd or iniquitous. It is but fair, however, to own that the quirks and subtleties of legal casuistry may sometimes by accident help to forward the righteous cause, as in the following curious instance:

"In Alexander's reign the Jesuits had made themselves all-powerful in some parts of Poland. A rich landowner and possessor of six thousand peasants at Poltz, the Jesuit head-quarters, was so wrought on by the artful assiduities of the society that he bequeathed his whole fortune to it at his death, with this stipulation, that the Jesuits should bring up his only son, and afterwards give him whatever portion of the inheritance *they should choose*. When the young man had reached the age of twenty, the Jesuits bestowed on him three hundred peasants. He protested vehemently against their usurpation, and began a suit against the society; but his father's will seemed clear and explicit, and after having consumed all his little fortune, he found his claims disowned by every tribunal in the empire, including even the general assembly of the senate. In this seemingly hopeless extremity he applied to a certain attorney in

St. Petersburg, famous for his inexhaustible fertility of mind in matters of cunning and chicanery. After having perused the will and the documents connected with the suit, the lawyer said to his client, 'Your business is done; if you will promise me ten thousand rubles I will undertake to procure an imperial ukase reinstating you in possession of all your father's property.' The young man readily agreed to the bargain, and in eight days afterwards he was master of his patrimony. The decision which led to this singular result rested solely on the interpretation of the phrase *they shall give him whatever portion they shall choose*, which plainly meant, as the lawyer maintained, that the young man was entitled exclusively to such portion as the Jesuits chose, *i. e.*, to that which they chose and retained for themselves. The emperor admitted this curious explanation; the son became proprietor of 5700 peasants, and the Jesuits were obliged to content themselves with the 300 they had bestowed on their ward in the first instance. Assuredly the most adroit cadi in Turkey could not have decided the case better."

In our author's account of Astrakhan we meet with the following highly interesting and novel fact and comment:

"The Indians, who were formerly rather numerous in this city, have long since abandoned the trade for which they frequented it, and none of them remain but a few priests who are detained by interminable law-suits. But from the old intercourse between the Hindus and the Kalmuck women has sprung a half-breed now numbering several hundred individuals, improperly designated Tartars. The mixed blood of these two essentially Asiatic races has produced a type closely resembling that of the European nations. It exhibits neither the oblique eyes of the Kalmucks, nor the bronzed skin of the Indians; and nothing in the character or habits of the descendants of these two races indicates a relationship with either stock. In

striking contrast with the apathy and indolence of the population among which they live, these half-breeds exhibit in all they do the activity and perseverance of the men of the north. They serve as porters, wagoners, or sailors, as occasion may require, and shrink from no kind of employment however laborious. Their white felt hats, with broad brims and pointed conical crowns, their tall figures, and bold, cheerful countenances, give them a considerable degree of resemblance to the Spanish muleteers."

"This result of the crossing of two races both so sharply defined is extremely remarkable and cannot but interest ethnologists. The Mongol is perhaps above all others the type that perpetuates itself with most energy, and most obstinately resists the influence of foreign admixture continued through a long series of generations. We have found it in all its originality among the Cossacks, the Tartars, and every other people dwelling in the vicinity of the Kalmucks. Is it not then a most curious fact to see it vanish immediately under the influence of the Hindu blood, and produce instead of itself a thoroughly Caucasian type? Might we not thence conclude that the Caucasian is not a primitive type, as hitherto supposed, but that it is simply the result of a mixture, the two elements of which we must seek for in Central Asia, in those mysterious regions of the great Tibetan chain which have so much occupied the inventive genius of ancient and modern writers?"

We would fain continue our desultory extracts from this amusing and instructive work; especially, we should like to dwell on the succinct and luminous sketch of the history of the war waged by Russia against the brave mountaineers of Circassia; but space fails us. We must bid a reluctant farewell to our authors, hoping that the appearance of their promised work on Moldavia will soon afford us an opportunity of conversing with them again.

SLAVERY IN JAMAICA, W. I.

THE Baptist Herald gives a sad account of the state of the Coolies. From a correspondent in the parish of Clarendon, the editor learns that "the Coolies, both men and women, work in the field, many of them in a state of nudity, and hardly any of them decently clothed; that many of them are suffering from severe sickness, and are so covered with sores as to be unable to work. According to agreement, these ought to be provided for; but such, it is reported, is not the case; those who cannot get work get no pay. Their complaints on the subject of wages are loud and numerous, and they generally state their determination to leave their employment as soon as they are free; their belief is, that they are slaves. By their own driver or superintendent, they are often severely beaten, and many of them have lately run away from their employment on this account, and have only been induced to return by the interference of the general superintendent. They work in gangs by themselves—the negroes appear sincerely to pity them."

From the same source we learn that the young Africans who came to the colony by the Glen Huntly, and were hired out under contract to "act as laborers on the pen, in minding cattle, hoeing grass, picking pimento, and other light work," for which they were to be clothed, fed,

lodged, educated, and found in medical attendance when required, have been much neglected and oppressed. The Baptist Herald says:—"Now, we can prove that these children were not decently clothed, received no instruction, were sometimes half-starved, and were engaged in mending the queen's highway, carrying and breaking stones, cutting down trees, &c., and were never allowed to go to a school or chapel, or to see their countrymen on a neighboring property. These things were laid before his excellency the governor, and no examination or redress has taken place."

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.—A meeting of the committee for managing the Hood Fund was held on Thursday week at the residence of Mr. David Salomons, the treasurer, for the purpose of auditing the accounts: 1,000*l.* has been invested on behalf of the family in the public funds, and a further sum of 200*l.* will be similarly invested in the course of a few weeks. It is proposed to place a small monument over the remains of the late Mr. Hood, in Kensal-green Cemetery, for which a sum not exceeding 50*l.* will be raised. The members of the committee subscribed ten guineas towards the sum required, which will no doubt be very soon completed by the many friends and admirers of the deceased poet.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition, during the years 1838-1842. By CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N. Five volumes 8vo. London: 1845.

THE work before us contains a history of the only expedition hitherto undertaken by the government of the United States for the purposes of maritime discovery. Its principal objects, as stated in the official instructions received by its commander, were, to explore the Southern and Pacific Oceans; to ascertain, with as much accuracy as possible, the situation of that part of the great Antarctic continent which was supposed to extend to the southward of Australia; and to resolve various questions respecting the navigation of the Polynesian seas—important to all vessels engaged in commerce beyond Cape Horn, and especially to those employed in the southern whale-fishery. Upon these important services the squadron was employed nearly four years; three of which were passed in the unknown and perilous seas which separate southern Asia from western America; and it completed the entire circuit of the globe before its return to the United States.

We cannot promise much amusement to our readers from the brief account of the "Exploring Expedition," which we are about to lay before them. There is little romantic adventure, and still less picturesque description, to be found among the technical and scientific details which chiefly fill Captain Wilkes' pages. But his work contains some geographical and nautical information, and some sketches of manners and customs, calculated to recommend it, notwithstanding its rather cumbersome and unattractive style, to those who take an interest in these branches of knowledge.

It was scarcely to be expected that a government, the western frontier of whose territory borders upon the largest and richest wilderness in the world, should have much attention to bestow upon unknown rocks and islands at the Antipodes; and it was still less probable that a people, whose interest is each succeeding year becoming more completely diverted from maritime affairs, by the vast field of adventure which lies at its very door, should display any general anxiety for information about the coral reefs and sand-banks of the Pacific Archipelagos. Accordingly we find, that the present expedition had been so long and abortively planned, and so repeatedly deferred, as to be regarded, by all who had concerned themselves in its objects, with disgust and disappointment. It was in March, 1838, that it was placed under the command of Captain Wilkes; and we presume that we are justified in ascribing its after rapid and successful organization principally to his zeal and ability. The vessels placed under his orders were the Vincennes and Peacock sloops of war, the Porpoise brig, and the Seagull and Flying-fish tenders. It is a somewhat remarkable, though not, we believe, unprecedented circumstance, that Captain Hudson, the officer in command of the Peacock, was superior in rank to his temporary chief; and that, with a readiness equally creditable to his own liberality and to the high professional and scientific reputation of Captain Wilkes, he consented to waive his seniority for the purposes of the expedition.

On the 18th of August, 1838, the squadron got underweigh from New York, and proceeded on

their voyage. Their first destination was Madeira, and they afterwards recrossed the Atlantic, visited Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, doubled Cape Horn, and touched at Valparaiso and Callao. We shall not follow Captain Wilkes through his prolix description of these well-known scenes; nor through his long, and in our opinion irrelevant, digressions respecting the political history of Brazil and Peru. Nor do we consider any of the events which occurred to the squadron, during the eleven months occupied in this part of the voyage, as worthy of particular notice; except the disastrous loss of the Seagull—supposed to have foundered in a gale off Terra del Fuego.

On the 13th of July, 1839, the Vincennes, Peacock, Porpoise, and Flying-fish, sailed from Callao; and on the 10th of September, after touching at some of the small islands composing the Paumotu group, they arrived at Tahiti.

The dreams of Rousseau and Condorcet, which represent man as weakened and depraved by the artificial training of civilization, have been by no means so universally forgotten, at least in France, as some of our readers may imagine. Sentimentalists are still to be found, who delight in contrasting the moral and physical excellence of some imaginary barbarian, with the frivolous mind and enervated body of the modern European. Some Parisian novelists of the day have eagerly embraced an opinion so well suited to their liveliness of fancy, to their love of glittering novelty, and to that incredible ignorance of foreign nations, by which they have so frequently merited the derisive astonishment of their contemporaries. One of the most popular of their number—noted alike for the inexhaustible fertility of his invention, his meretricious style, his vehement prejudices, and the grotesque extravagance of his imagination—has lately been pleased to adopt, as one of his favorite characters, a youthful Hindoo Rajah, the patriotic victim of English ambition; and has displayed much fantastic eloquence in contrasting the untutored dignity and simple virtues of the royal exile, with the inanity and corruption of his polished hosts. It might, perhaps, be unreasonable to expect from a Parisian *homme de lettres* any knowledge of a fact familiar to all other educated Europeans, that the native princes of Hindoostan are a race far more artificial in their habits, and far more enslaved by formal etiquette, than ever were the most obsequious courtiers of Louis XIV. It might be unreasonable to complain of the reckless ignorance which has painted the effeminate debauchees of the East as patriarchal chiefs, presiding over a race of brave and simple foresters; and substituting the noble pursuits of war and the chase, for the Asiatic recreations of chewing *bang*, and gloating on dancing-girls. But if, passing over the ludicrous absurdity of M. Sue's inventions, we look simply at the theory which he intends them to illustrate, we know no part of the world in which we could find so strong a proof of its fallacy as the Polynesian Isles. There, if anywhere, nature has been left to herself; and there, if anywhere, she could dispense with interference. A delicious climate—a soil so rich as scarcely to require cultivation—a race of men superior in natural intelligence, and in physical comeliness, to most uncivilized nations—everything, in short, combines to render easy the enjoyment of a golden age, if human nature is indeed capable of such a condition. But no sober-minded man can examine any trustworthy account of the state of society in

these Islands, without becoming convinced, that these favored regions present scenes, in comparison with which the most loathsome cellar in St. Giles', or the most miserable hovel in Connaught, is a temple of virtue and happiness. It has been said, and we believe most truly, that no man, whatever his experience of vice and misery may have been, can form any idea of the brutal depravity of which human nature is capable, until he has witnessed the habitual life of lawless savages.

We leave out of the question all the restraints imposed by religion and morality—or by those vague notions of religion and morality which the most ignorant can scarcely fail to pick up in a Christian country—when we declare our belief, that the mere power of self-command, which every member of a civilized community is compelled by the most vulgar motive—the fear of punishment by the law—habitually, in some degree, to exert, is alone sufficient to raise him far above the highest limit of barbarian virtue. The most violent and vindictive European feels himself under the perpetual control of a superior authority, and is well aware that he can only give full indulgence to his passions at the imminent peril of his life. This may be insufficient to make him a good man—perhaps insufficient to deter him from the occasional commission of crimes—but at least it preserves us from the wretchedness of living in a society of beings possessing at once the resolution, the physical strength, and the deadly weapons of full-grown men, and the blind and reckless selfishness of mischievous children. To say that the savage will take life upon the most trifling provocation, is to say but little. He will do so in cold blood to save himself from a moment's inconvenience. If his child disturbs him by its cries, he dashes out its brains—if he becomes tired of supporting a sick or aged parent, he murders him or leaves him to starve. In saying this, we are using no exaggerated or figurative language. We are stating the ordinary customs of the Polynesian Islanders. Captain Wilkes has recorded it as a well-known fact, that few of these savages, except their chiefs, ever live to an advanced age; because those who reach the decline of life are almost invariably put to death by their children or relations, in order to rid themselves of the burden of their maintenance.

With these vices—the ordinary characteristics of utter barbarism—the tribes of the Pacific appear to unite much of that cold and merciless apathy, which is, in general, the worst effect of a corrupt and effeminate semi-civilization. Of natural affection, beyond the mere animal instincts which they share with the beasts of the brute creation, they appear to be nearly destitute; and of that spirit of nationality which produces such powerful and ennobling effects among many savage races, they have not the slightest tincture. In the numerous cases of parricide and fratricide mentioned by Captain Wilkes, as having occurred among the Polynesian chiefs, we are struck—not so much by the atrocity of the crimes themselves, the most of which may unhappily find parallels in every age and nation—as at the callous indifference with which the kinsmen of the parties seem to have regarded the catastrophe. We find more than one instance of a family of island princes, whose previous history might rival that of the house of Atreus or Pelops, living together in apparent insensibility to their mutual injuries; and we can scarcely avoid the conclusion, that the

worst vices of more generous dispositions are virtues far beyond the reach of these insensible and ruthless barbarians. There would, we are convinced, be great injustice in attributing this absence of natural feeling to anything but intrinsic levity and feebleness of character. Neither barbarism nor civilization, powerful agents as they are, can develop propensities which do not naturally exist. We find, for instance, in our own countrymen, the germs of the most formidable vices indulged in by their Scandinavian ancestors—pride, intemperance, violence of temper, and delight in war; and we see that, when the restraints of social life are removed, these characteristics display themselves as strongly in an English soldier, as in a Norwegian *berserker*. On the other hand, these very Scandinavians, ferocious as they were, were still not incapable of the virtues which have adorned the most enlightened of their descendants. The ties of kindred, of country, of brotherhood in arms, were observed by them with a fidelity never surpassed. We do not, we trust, undervalue the powers of religion, and we profess the highest admiration for the honest zeal of the many good men who are exerting themselves, and in some instances with eminent success, to extend its influence; but we cannot disguise our conviction, that the Polynesians, however improvable in many respects, are, and are too likely long to continue, a very imperfect variety of the human race.

We are glad to find that the account given by Captain Wilkes of the present condition of Tahiti, while confirming in some degree our unfavorable opinion of the intellectual capacities of the natives, is still a strong testimony to the effect produced by religious instruction, in removing the more revolting peculiarities of their character. He speaks of them as a peaceable, honest, and trustworthy, though far from a striking or interesting race: and ascribes their improvement to the imperfect civilization already introduced among them—a change which some sentimentalists have designated as the irreparable corruption and degradation of a harmless and innocent people. Still, Captain Wilkes, while admitting the striking improvement of the Tahitian character, appears to have been by no means struck by those amiable and graceful peculiarities in their manners and appearance, with which some English voyagers have endowed them. He speaks very lightly of the beauty of their females, and can see nothing in their national songs and dances to redeem the licentiousness which has compelled the missionaries strictly to prohibit such amusements. And in particular, he is greatly, and we must acknowledge very naturally, scandalized by the eagerness with which the most powerful Tahitian chiefs contended for the profit of washing linen, and supplying stores for the American ships!—a practice which certainly exhibits a striking contrast to the scrupulous dignity which the North American Indian is known to maintain in his intercourse with Europeans.

Upon the 29th of September the Vincennes sailed from Tahiti; and upon the 7th of October made Rose Island, the most easterly of the Samoan or Navigator group. Until the 8th of November, Captain Wilkes and the officers of the squadron were engaged in making accurate surveys of this Archipelago; which consists of eight small islands, the principal bearing the names of Savaii, Upolu, and Tutuila. He appears to have found the natives superior to those of Tahiti, both in physical form, and in natural energy of character. They

are considerably under the influence of their missionaries; and, above all, their females are remarkable for modesty, parental affection, and fidelity to their husbands—virtues almost unknown throughout the rest of Polynesia.

Departing from Savaii, the American squadron reached Port Jackson on the 29th of November. Three chapters are occupied by the remarks of Captain Wilkes upon the Australian colony; and by his account of several visits made to the interior by himself and his officers. We pass over a part of his narrative about matters comparatively familiar to most English readers; but we cannot omit to express our gratification at the cordial tone in which he acknowledges the hospitable attention paid him by the colonial authorities, and at the friendly feelings which prevailed between the colonists in general, and the officers and men of his squadron.

On the 26th of December, the Vincennes, accompanied by the Peacock, Porpoise, and Flying-fish, sailed from Port Jackson on her Antarctic cruise—a service for which, as Captain Wilkes more than hints, they had been very indifferently provided. This want of the special equipments necessary to the safety of the undertaking was in a great measure common to the whole squadron; but the Peacock in particular was in other respects so defective as to be wholly unfit for any but a short and easy voyage; and it was not without the most serious misgivings that Captain Wilkes yielded to the zealous anxiety of Captain Hudson to accompany the squadron, instead of remaining at Sydney to refit. The proceedings of the expedition during the two succeeding months, form perhaps the most interesting portion of the narrative. Among all the perilous and exciting adventures of a seaman's life, there are none to be compared, either in formidable aspect, or in actual danger, with those experienced among the floating ice of the Polar regions. Neither the iron-bound coasts and devouring whirlpools of the temperate, nor the thunderstorms and tornadoes of the torrid zone, can equal the terrific situation of the mariner, who finds himself driving helplessly before a gale, among a shoal of drifting icebergs. In no situation, if we may believe the hardy voyagers who have returned from these fearful enterprises, is danger so acutely felt by the bravest; because in none is the utter inability of human skill to exert the slightest influence over the event, so overpoweringly manifest. And yet, even the desperate chances of such a struggle, must be a comparatively harmless prospect to the seaman who has beheld his vessel imbedded in a field of ice; while the short summer is rapidly passing away, and every day is diminishing his hope of escape from the horrors of a Polar winter.

Few voyagers have experienced more of these formidable encounters within a short period than Captain Wilkes. On New-Year's day, 1840, the Flying-fish parted company from the squadron. The insufficient size and accommodation of the tender had excited the surprise of her visitors at Sydney; many of whom, with more concern for the safety of their American friends, than consideration for their feelings, had not hesitated to predict the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby, for her crew. These disadvantages were now severely felt; and her commander was at length compelled, by the failing health of his men, to abandon the intention of re-joining his consorts. The Flying-fish altered her course to the northward, on the 2d of February, and reached New Zealand on the 9th of March. On the 10th of January, the Vincennes, Peacock,

and Porpoise fell in with the first iceberg, being then in the 62d degree of south latitude; and in a few days they were constantly surrounded with floating pieces of ice. On the 16th, land was clearly discovered from all the vessels, in the shape of a large, round-headed mountain; altogether different in shape and color from the intervening icebergs. They were now off the coast of the great southern continent, at a point nearly to the south-south-east of Van Diemen's Land. On the 20th, the Peacock and Porpoise were directed to part company from the Vincennes, and to explore to the eastward; and on the 24th the former vessel met with an accident, which rendered her immediate return to Sydney a measure of absolute necessity. After penetrating the tract of floating ice which forms a bulwark to every coast in these latitudes, and enduring several dangerous collisions, by which her rudder was entirely disabled; the ship was at length driven stern foremost against a large iceberg, with a violence which threatened instant destruction. Fortunately she rebounded from the shock without sticking fast; but scarcely had she moved her own length, when a vast mass of ice and snow, which the blow had loosened, fell close to her stern with a crash; which, had it taken place one second sooner, would have crashed her to atoms. A more tremendous instance of the risks attending this perilous species of navigation, was probably never witnessed by any voyager who survived to relate it; and such were the injuries inflicted upon the vessel, that it became a doubtful question, not whether she could continue her cruise, but whether she could hope to reach a port in safety. She immediately stood to the northward, upon getting clear of the floating ice; and on the 21st of February, being favored by the weather, arrived in a very shattered state at Sydney. The Porpoise reached New Zealand on the 20th of March, having continued exploring the coast until the 14th of February.

We now return to the Vincennes. She entered the icy barrier a few days after her separation from her consorts, and commenced exploring the coast to the westward. On the 29th of January she encountered one of the most formidable dangers to which the Polar voyage is liable—a gale of wind among floating icebergs. For several hours she continued to drive rapidly through a heavy sea, surrounded on all sides by these fearful companions—now dimly seen through the mist and sleet—now heard crashing and plunging in the darkness; but always close to the vessel, and threatening to overwhelm her at every moment. When the night closed in, without any diminution of the tempest or dispersion of the ice, the situation of the Vincennes became so perilous as to be nearly desperate. All hands were on deck, and Captain Wilkes acknowledges, that he repeatedly gave up every hope of escaping destruction. They were often warned of their narrow escape from striking on an iceberg, by the sudden calm which the invisible monster produced, as the ship passed under his lee; and they more than once, when apparently driving directly upon a field of ice, escaped through openings so narrow as to have been unperceived in the darkness. At length, early in the morning of the 30th, the vessel entered a small open tract of sea, where she lay to, in comparative safety, until the bad weather was over:—having certainly, to judge from the calm and unadorned narrative of Captain Wilkes, passed a night of as frightful danger, as we can remember in the annals of naval adventure.

For nearly two months longer, the Vincennes continued her toilsome progress along the coast of the Antarctic continent—constantly surrounded by ice, and liable at every moment to a renewal of the awful scene from which she had been so wonderfully extricated. The weather was, however, upon the whole, favorable; but her crew suffered severely from cold and fatigue, and it was not without remonstrance from his medical officers, that Captain Wilkes completed his cruise. The ship was constantly in sight of the land, but in no instance do any of her people appear to have succeeded in reaching it. Several views of its appearance are, however, inserted in Captain Wilkes' work, and more wild and desolate scenes can scarcely be imagined. It presents a long undulating range of snowy mountains, stretching inland to the horizon—mountains which, in all probability, no living creature has ever trodden since the climate of our globe assumed its present temperature. At length, on the 21st of February, after having explored the coast from east to west, through nearly 60 degrees of longitude, the Vincennes put her head to the northward. Her passage was favorable, and, on the 11th of March, she arrived safe at Sydney, with all her crew restored to health.

On the 19th, Captain Wilkes took his final departure from Australia; and on the 30th, anchored in the Bay of Islands, at New Zealand, where he found the Porpoise and Flying-fish. The New Zealanders, though always remarkable for their warlike and sanguinary habits, have generally borne a character higher, in some respects, than the other Polynesian tribes. Most voyagers have given them credit for their prowess as resolute and fearless warriors; and for some share of the manly dignity and honorable pride which usually accompany personal bravery. But Captain Wilkes, while acknowledging the common opinion of their merits to be somewhat higher than his own, seems inclined to place them among the most degraded and uninteresting of the savages whom he has visited. He considers them as inferior in intelligence, and inhospitable in disposition; and seems particularly struck by their unprepossessing appearance, and by another defect uncommon among the amphibious islanders of that tepid ocean—their extreme personal slovenliness.

On the 6th of April the squadron sailed from New Zealand, and, on the 24th, they reached Tonga, the largest of the Friendly Islands, where they were joined by the Peacock, from Sydney, on the 1st of May. The Tongese appear to have struck Captain Wilkes as superior to any of the other natives of the Pacific Islanders, and as greatly resembling the Samoans, though superior in many respects even to these. But his intercourse with the natives, cautious and well-disposed as he invariably found them, was rendered difficult, by the existence of a desperate civil war between the Christian and Heathen inhabitants of the island—a calamity which, we are sorry to find, Captain Wilkes attributes to the hasty and intolerant zeal of the former party. The American commander exerted himself to the utmost of his power to reconcile the two factions; but his mediation appears to have been attended with very little success; as a bloody battle was fought immediately after his departure, in which the converted natives were entirely defeated, and most of their principal chiefs slain. The squadron sailed from Tonga, on the 4th of May, and the next day made the Feejee Islands.

The Feejee or Viti Archipelago lies to the north-east of Tonga; and consists of two large islands, named Vitilevu and Vanualevu, besides a great number of smaller ones. Their climate is delightful, and they abound in the most picturesque and beautiful scenery: but the inhabitants of this favored spot are, without exception, the most savage and treacherous race in the Pacific. In personal appearance they are rather a fine race, of a deep-black complexion, with closely curled hair—displaying none of the negro deformities of face and figure; but they effectually disfigure themselves by dressing their hair in a thick wiry wig, clipped into the most grotesque shapes; somewhat resembling in texture and appearance the fantastic masses of foliage, into which the gardeners of the last century took so much pains to torture certain trees and shrubs. They appear to possess more spirit and energy than most of their neighbors; but this does not prevent them from displaying all the indolent selfishness, the insensibility to shame, the irreclaimable and apparently instinctive mendacity, which characterize the worst Polynesian races. They are a most dangerous and sanguinary, as well as an unamiable nation—perpetually engaged in civil war, which they carry on with the most vindictive ferocity; and dreaded for their inhospitable treachery by every mariner acquainted with the navigation of the Pacific. With respect to their habits of life they are cannibals of the most inveterate kind; licentious in their manners beyond even the neighboring tribes; reckless of each others' lives to an almost inconceivable degree; and, in short, as Captain Wilkes indignantly calls them, "wretches in the strongest sense of the term." Such is the forbidding picture which the American commander draws of this savage race, and we shall presently see that his worst opinion was confirmed by unhappy experience.

On the 8th May the Vincennes and Peacock arrived off Ovalau, a small island upon the eastern coast of Vitilevu, which lies nearly in the centre of the group, and anchored in the harbor of a town named Levuka. On the 11th, they were joined by the Flying-fish; and on the 12th, these vessels were visited by Tanoa, king of the neighboring district of Ambau, and the most powerful chief in the Feejee Islands. On the 15th, the Peacock sailed from Levuka for Rewa, an anchorage upon the eastern coast of Vitilevu; to which place she was originally despatched, merely for the ordinary purposes of the expedition. But shortly after her departure, Captain Wilkes received information that a most atrocious and treacherous massacre had taken place in 1834, at Kantavu, an island to the southward of Vitilevu; in which a mate and some seamen, belonging to an American merchantman, had been murdered by the natives; and that the assailants had been commanded, on that occasion, by a chief named Vendouvi, brother to the King of Rewa, and now residing in that neighborhood. Captain Wilkes thought it absolutely necessary for the protection of his defenceless countrymen, to convince these ferocious islanders that every such outrage was sure, sooner or later, to meet with just retribution. It is easy to imagine how strongly a tribe of savages must be tempted to robbery and violence by the spectacle of a large ship, freighted with what are to them the most inestimable treasures, and defended by only twenty or thirty men—the majority of whom, unrestrained by the imperfect discipline of

a merchant vessel, are generally wandering unarmed on shore. It is only by the dread of retaliation—severe in proportion to the delay and uncertainty of its infliction, that the savage can be induced to let such a prize escape him. And we therefore think that Captain Wilkes carried his forbearance quite as far as was justifiable, in merely ordering Captain Hudson to seize and secure the person of Vendovi; and in declining to enter into general hostilities with the guilty district, unless the other chiefs should, by endeavoring to protect their ringleader, openly declare themselves his accomplices. The Peacock on her arrival at Rewa, was received with great hospitality by the king and two of his brothers, whose barbarous names and titles we spare our readers; but the guilty Vendovi did not make his appearance, though it subsequently appeared that the American officers had, on one occasion, been in his company on shore. It happened, however, that the day after the receipt of Captain Wilkes' special orders, had been fixed, for a formal visit to his ship, by all the native dignitaries. They were of course permitted to come on board as usual, but Vendovi was still absent. Captain Hudson now thought himself justified to take advantage of the situation of the chiefs, to compel them to do justice with regard to his complaints; and he therefore communicated to them his orders, and informed them that it would be his duty to consider them as enemies, and consequently as prisoners, unless the actual perpetrator was surrendered. Those who are accustomed to place that confidence in the good faith and forbearance of their neighbors, which the habits of civilized life justify, can form little idea of the consternation with which a party of Pacific Islanders, accustomed to see blood shed upon the most trifling provocation, received this announcement. The chiefs expected nothing short of an immediate massacre; and it was with much difficulty that Captain Hudson persuaded them that no injury, or even disrespect, was intended to their persons, unless they chose to assume the character of enemies to his nation. At this explanation their relief was great, and they eagerly joined in admitting the justice of his demand. Vendovi, indeed, had long been dreaded and disliked, even by his ferocious countrymen, for his turbulent and sanguinary disposition. Some years before the massacre at Kantavu, he had murdered one of his own brothers in cold blood, for a bribe; and he was now upon very doubtful terms with the survivors. It was accordingly agreed that one of the three chiefs detained on board, should go on shore and bring him off as a prisoner; which, contrary to all reasonable expectation, was effected without the slightest resistance, or even expostulation, on the part of the culprit. On the surrender of Vendovi, his countrymen were of course set at liberty, and he was confined on board; the particulars of his guilt being fully established by his own confession. He was transferred to the Vincennes, when the two vessels next joined company, and continued a prisoner during the remainder of the voyage, but fell sick and died about the time of the arrival of the squadron in the United States.

The Vincennes lay at Levuka for several weeks; during the whole of which time, Captain Wilkes continued upon the most amicable terms with the neighboring chiefs, some of whom had been expected to resent the capture of their ally Vendovi. In the mean time, the tender was busily employed in surveying the intricate straits and reefs lying

between Ovolavu and Vitilevu; as well as the islands forming the southern division of the Feejee group. She afterwards, commanded by Captain Wilkes in person, visited for the first time, the large island of Vanualevu, which lies to the north-east of Vitilevu; on whose coast she was joined by the Porpoise, which had parted company from her consorts the morning of their arrival at Levuka; and had since been occupied in exploring the range of small islands forming the eastern boundary of the Feejee group.

On the 28th of June, the Vincennes put to sea from Levuka, and, on the 2d of July, anchored in a bay named Savu-Savu, on the southern coast of Vanualevu; and, on the 5th, she removed to Sandalwood Bay, at the western extremity of the same island, where she found the Peacock just arrived. The latter ship had left Rewa on the 23d of May, and had since been employed in surveying the western coasts of Vitilevu and Vanualevu. On the 16th, the tender, accompanied by several of the boats belonging to the Vincennes and Peacock, and commanded by Captain Wilkes himself, left Sandalwood Bay on an exploring excursion; and the next day they fell in with the Porpoise, which had been engaged among the small islands to the north-east, ever since she last parted company from the tender. The detachment then proceeded to survey the Asaua islands—a string of rocks forming the north-western boundary of the Feejee Archipelago. But just as this duty was completed, and as preparations were making for their return to the ships, Captain Wilkes received intelligence, that at Malolo, the southernmost island of the Asaua group, situate on the western coast of Vitilevu, a treacherous attack had been made by the natives upon one of his boats; and that the assailants had been repulsed with difficulty and loss, leaving two officers—the lieutenant in command of the party, and a young midshipman—dead on the spot.

There is, perhaps, no more perplexing point of international law, than the question—in what manner, and to what extent, a civilized voyager is entitled to inflict retaliation upon a tribe of barbarians for such outrages as this. He has none of the ordinary means of obtaining redress. There is no municipal law to fix the punishment incurred by the offenders; no magistrate whose business it is to see justice done; no government to be made responsible, if other means fail. It would be absurd to rely upon the reluctant protection of some savage chief—himself, perhaps, the instigator of the crime complained of; whose first measure would, undoubtedly, be the concealment of the real perpetrators—probably the boldest and most valuable warriors of his tribe—and the murder of a few useless or obnoxious slaves as a substitute. It would be equally absurd to employ a party of seamen, to explore the woods and fastnesses of an unknown island, constantly exposed to be cut off by treachery, in the hope of their being able to recognize, among thousands of tattooed and painted savages, a few individuals never seen but once before, and then in the confusion of a deadly scuffle. And yet, few commanding officers would have the firmness to use the only effectual means of punishment; and to inflict the horrors of war upon a community of suppliant and defenceless savages; all of whom possibly might be wholly innocent of the offence committed.

Fortunately for the ends of justice, no such difficulty arose in the present case. The inhabit-

ants of Malolo—long renowned and dreaded among their neighbors, for their warlike and piratical propensities—had an overweening opinion of their own powers, and were entirely ignorant of the formidable weapons of civilized warfare. It was soon found that their chiefs, so far from entertaining any wish to exculpate themselves, or to offer redress, were busily employed in preparing to receive the American detachment with open defiance. This conduct clearly left Captain Wilkes no alternative; and the brig, tender, and boats, after burying their murdered companions, with all the honors of war, upon a small desert island between Malolo and Vitilevu, proceeded to inflict signal punishment upon the guilty tribe.

The island of Malolo contained two towns or villages; one named Sualib, on the southern coast, and the other named Arro, on the northern. The brig was anchored off the south-eastern end of the island, and near the former place. Four of the boats, commanded by Captain Wilkes, and accompanied by the tender, then proceeded to Arro; while the remainder, under Captain Ringold of the Porpoise, landed at Sualib. The former division took possession of the town, and entirely destroyed it, without the slightest opposition; the warriors having all intrenched themselves in a certain citadel or stockade at Sualib, which was considered as the perfection of Feejee military architecture; and had the reputation of being absolutely impregnable. In this stronghold, the natives defended themselves for some time with considerable spirit; but at length, the huts being set on fire by rockets, and the garrison having sustained considerable loss by musketry, the assailants entered the place and found it deserted. Some of the natives, who attempted to escape in their canoes, were overtaken and captured by one of the boats; and the rest took refuge among the rocks and woods, in the interior of the island, where their women and children had previously been concealed. Their total loss was believed to have amounted to fifty-seven men killed; that of the Americans being one man mortally, and a few others slightly wounded.

On the day after the engagement, the natives sent on board the Porpoise, to request peace and make offers of reconciliation. But Captain Wilkes was too much acquainted with Feejee customs and feelings, and too well aware of the excessive importance attached by all warlike savages to the particular tokens of success or defeat, which may constitute their point of honor, to receive their submission in so unceremonious a manner. It is well known that the American Indian considers it no triumph to exterminate a hostile tribe, unless he can carry off the scalps of his victims; and by a fantastic refinement of the same kind, the Feejee islander never considers himself defeated, until he has been compelled to do homage to his enemy, in a certain recognized form. Upon this public acknowledgment of defeat, Captain Wilkes very wisely and properly thought it necessary to insist, and it was accordingly performed upon the beach near Sualib, by all the surviving chiefs and warriors of the island.

With what motives, or upon what arguments, the conduct of Captain Wilkes, throughout this lamentable affair, has been, as he himself informs us, accused as "cruel, merciless, and tyrannical," we are unable to conjecture. Assuming—as surely, in dealing with facts so notorious, we safely may—that his public account of the matter is correct, we

are inclined to think that further hesitation in commencing hostilities, would have been nothing short of unpardonable weakness, in any man recognizing the lawfulness of self-defence; and that, hostilities being actually begun, any irresolution in continuing them, until the complete submission of the enemy, would have given the attempt the character of useless and therefore unjustifiable revenge, instead of necessary chastisement. We are to remember that the question is not whether a civilized commander can afford to overlook, with contemptuous compassion, an insult to his national flag; or can bring himself, as a Christian, to pardon the cruel murder of his friends. The question is, whether some fifty or sixty hostile savages shall be put to death, in just and open warfare; or whether the crew of every vessel which approaches their shores shall be exposed to massacre, until some maritime nation is roused to the determination of making a terrible example, and the infatuated islanders are exterminated to a man. Could a Feejee chief be brought to comprehend the power of the countries, to whose commerce in the Pacific the incorrigible piracies of his countrymen had for so many years been a constant grievance, he would readily acknowledge, that such conduct as that of Captain Wilkes was the truest humanity; not merely to those who may be exposed to future acts of violence, but to those who might be tempted to commit them.

After leaving Malolo, the boats returned directly to Sandalwood Bay; and shortly after, the Vincennes and Peacock got under weigh, and anchored off Mali—a small island on the northern coast of Vannaleon—in readiness to sail on the 9th of August: they were joined at this station by the Porpoise and the Seagull, which had been despatched from Mololo to revisit Kantavu, Levuka, and Ambau. And on the 11th, the surveys and other duties of the squadron being complete, they put to sea from Mali; and to the great delight of all on board, except the exiled Vendovi, lost sight of the inhospitable shores of the Feejee archipelago for the last time.

On the 24th September, the Vincennes, having parted company from her consorts on the passage, reached the Sandwich Islands, and anchored in the roads of Honolulu, the capital of the island of Oahu. The tender was already at anchor; the Peacock arrived on the 30th; and the Porpoise, which had been left behind to make some additional surveys in the Feejee group, on the 7th of October. The king of the Sandwich Islands, Kamehameha III., arrived at Honolulu on the 29th of September, for the express purpose of welcoming the American officers. He is a young man, and his appearance and manners made a very favorable impression on Captain Wilkes. His portrait, with its closely shaven face, short mustache, and well-fitted uniform, contrasts strangely with those of his kinsmen, the grim chiefs of Ambau and Rewa; though we are far from certain that, in point of picturesque dignity, the advantage is on the side of the more civilized Polynesian. The Sandwich Islanders—or *Kanakas*, as they call themselves—are, like the Tahitians, reclaimed and softened by semi-civilization. Notwithstanding the stain left upon their character, by the treacherous murder of the illustrious voyager who first discovered their country, they are in general a harmless and well-disposed race; and appear to be more trustworthy, and to have more regard for truth and honesty, than the tribes of the southern Pacific.

But they are dull, indolent, and timid; and it is clear from several incidents related by Captain Wilkes, as having occurred during the subsequent ascent of Mauna Loa, that they retain all the want of sympathy for each other, and all the thoughtless selfishness which forms so remarkable a feature in the inert and feeble character of the Polynesian mind.

On the 3d of December, the Vincennes sailed from Honolulu, and stood to the south-east; on the 8th she made the island of Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Isles; and on the 9th she anchored in Hilo Bay. The principal object of her visit to Hawaii, was to survey a large volcanic mountain named Mauna Loa, whose summit is nearly 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. The party employed in this duty was commanded by Captain Wilkes himself, and consisted of several officers and scientific gentlemen, ten seamen, and about two hundred natives, who acted as guides and porters. They left the ship on the 14th, and encamped for the night beside a vast volcanic lake or crater, at a place named Kilauea, at the south-eastern base of Mauna Loa. The 17th was passed in surveying the crater of Kilauea; which is an oval pool or lake of fire, about 1500 feet by 1000 in diameter, lying in the centre of a rocky and precipitous valley nearly ten miles in circumference. Captain Wilkes, who himself descended to its edge, gives a most appalling description of the narrow escape experienced some days afterwards by one of his party, who was surprised by a sudden rising of the lava, while collecting specimens within the surrounding descent. On the 18th the ascent of Mauna Loa was commenced; and on the evening of the 19th the exploring party encamped at the height of 6000 feet above the level of the sea. Here they were joined by fifty officers and men from the Vincennes, whose assistance it had been found necessary to procure, on account of the indolence, insubordination, and continual disputes of the Kanakas; so that the party now consisted of nearly three hundred men. The 20th, being Sunday, was passed in repose; but on the 21st the ascent was resumed, and they reached a large cave, which was subsequently very useful as a depot for stores; and a shelter for those who became disabled by the mountain sickness—from this circumstance called the Recruiting Station. A lieutenant and a party of men were left at this place; and on the 22d the party reached another encampment, afterwards known as the Flag Station, where a party was also left. At length, on the 24th, they reached their last and highest station, a point called by the sailors Pendulum Peak; and situated on the eastern side of the crater, at the summit of the mountain. All hands were employed in constructing a camp upon this exposed point; which was at length imperfectly effected by building walls with the loose fragments of lava, so as to shelter the tents from the piercing and stormy winds continually blowing. In this dreary situation, several days were passed; and on the 12th of January, 1841, Captain Wilkes ascended the highest summit of the mountain—a point almost exactly opposite to Pendulum Peak. From this elevation he measured the height of the neighboring mountain of Mauna Kea, which he found to be 193 feet above him; thus settling, in favor of the latter, the question of supremacy throughout the Pacific Ocean. During their long stay upon the summit of Mauna Loa, the whole of the adventurous party were more or less affected by very distressing

symptoms of indisposition; but no serious illness occurred, nor did any dangerous accident take place, except in the case of a single seaman; who was left accidentally behind, exhausted, during the ascent of a small detached party from the Recruiting to the Flag Station, and was not discovered until nearly frozen to death. On the 13th the party broke up from the encampment at Pendulum Peak; and on the 14th, they completed their descent, and reached the crater of Kilauea.

Several weeks were passed in various surveys and experiments at Kilauea and elsewhere in the island; and on the 5th of March the Vincennes sailed from Hilo Bay. On the 6th she anchored in Lahaina roads, off the island of Maui, which lies to the northwest of Hawaii, in a line between that island and Oahu. On the 17th she left her anchorage, and on the 18th returned to Honolulu. On the 23d she was joined by the Porpoise, which had sailed on the 16th of November; and had since been employed in making a more accurate survey of the Paumotu group of islands. The Peacock and the Flying-fish had left Honolulu on the 2d of December, and were still absent. On the 5th of April the Vincennes and Peacock sailed from Honolulu for the North American coast. On the 28th they arrived off the Columbia river; but the weather was so unfavorable, and the surf upon the bar so dangerous, that they were compelled to defer entering it. They accordingly proceeded to the northward, and on the 1st of May entered the straits of San Juan de Fuca, and anchored in Port Discovery. On the succeeding days they continued to advance into Admiralty Inlet, and on the 11th reached its extremity, and moored off Fort Nisqually—a stronghold erected to protect the property of the Hudson-Bay Company.

From this day until the 17th of June, their time was passed in various scientific experiments at Nisqually; and in expeditions to explore the neighboring prairies and rivers—particularly the Columbia and its tributaries. The Vincennes and Porpoise then removed from Nisqually to New Dungeness, an anchorage within the straits of San Juan de Fuca, for the purpose of surveying the winding creeks and inlets of the bay; and while lying at this place, Captain Wilkes received the disastrous news that the Peacock, whose non-arrival had for some time caused him great anxiety, had been wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia.

On the 3d of August the Vincennes and Porpoise put to sea from New Dungeness, and on the 6th arrived off the mouth of the Columbia. Here they were joined by the Flying-fish, on board which vessel was Captain Hudson, from whom Captain Wilkes now received the report of the late misfortune.

It appeared that after departing from Oahu, eight months previously, the Peacock and Flying-fish had continued for several weeks cruising to the southward, in search of various small islands and coral reefs which had been reported to exist; but most of which they were unsuccessful in discovering. On the 28th of January, 1841, they discovered an island, previously unknown, lying to the north of the Samoan group, which Captain Hudson named Bowdich Island; and on the 6th of February the Peacock arrived off the island of Upolu, and anchored in the harbor of Apia on its northern coast. On the 6th of March they left the Samoan group, and stood to the northwest, and on the 14th they made the most southerly island of the Ellice group. They continued their course in the

same direction for nearly two months, during which time they touched at most of the small islands comprising the Ellice and Kingsmill groups. They found great diversity of character among the natives; but the generality appear to have displayed the worst characteristics of the Polynesian race; and on one occasion their treacherous ferocity was the occasion of very serious mischief. This was at Taputeouea, or Drummond's Island; one of the largest of the Kingsmill group, and supposed to contain about ten thousand inhabitants. The natives, who appeared a remarkably warlike and ferocious race, had been repeatedly guilty of insulting behavior to their visitors; and had more than once shown a very suspicious wish to decoy them into situations unfavorable to defence. At length one of the Peacock's seamen, who had gone on shore to visit a town named Utiwa, failed to reappear on board. Every inquiry was made without effect, until no doubt remained of his assassination by the natives. Captain Hudson then resolved to punish the outrage; and on the 9th of March sent on shore his boats, with orders to destroy Utiwa. They were opposed in landing by a flotilla of canoes, which they dispersed with the loss of twelve men killed; after which they burned the town, and returned on board without having been able to find any traces of their unfortunate shipmate. We have already shown the necessity of prompt and effectual retaliation in all cases of this sort; and we may add, that in the present case it was the more indispensable; because the natives, in their entire ignorance of civilized war, might very easily have been induced to entertain a most dangerous opinion of their own superiority. On the 8th of May, being then nearly in the latitude of the Sandwich Islands, Captain Hudson resolved to proceed at once to his rendezvous in the Columbia. The Peacock, therefore, altered her course to the eastward; and on the 17th of July, after stopping for a few days at the Sandwich Islands, arrived off the mouth of that river. The bar at this place is well known to be extremely dangerous of passage; nor was there any pilot to be procured at the time of the Peacock's arrival; but Captain Hudson being considerably behind the time fixed for his presence, and having with him certain written instructions upon which he considered himself justified in relying, resolved to make the attempt. On the 18th, accordingly, the Peacock stood for the shore; but, though every possible precaution was taken as she approached it, she struck in a very short time upon a shoal, and remained immovably grounded. It was soon found that her situation was hopeless; on the 19th her crew reached the land without loss, though not without considerable difficulty and danger; and on the morning of the 20th, it was found that the ship had gone to pieces in the night. We must not omit to add, that Captain Wilkes expresses himself perfectly convinced of the propriety of Captain Hudson's determination to attempt the passage of the bar; and speaks in the highest terms of his conduct during the shipwreck.

The loss of the Peacock made it necessary to alter, in some degree, the general plan of the expedition. The Vincennes, under Captain Ringold, was immediately dispatched to San Francisco; while Captain Wilkes, with the Porpoise and tender, passed the bar, and anchored off the town of Astoria. His first care was to provide a vessel for the accommodation of the Peacock's crew, as well as to assist in the future operations of the squadron; and this he fortunately found means to

effect. An American merchant brig, then lying in the river, was purchased on behalf of the government, named the "Oregon," and placed under the command of Captain Hudson. While the necessary alterations in the equipment of their new consort were going on, the Porpoise and Flying-fish proceeded to explore the navigable part of the Columbia. They left Astoria on the 18th of August, and ascended the river as far as Fort Vancouver; where they were very hospitably received by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. They remained at this place from the 28th of August to the 14th of September; during which time parties were constantly employed in surveying the surrounding country; and on the latter day they set out on their return to Astoria, where they anchored on the 1st of October.

On the 5th of October, the weather being favorable, the Porpoise and Oregon passed the bar; and on the 10th they were joined by Captain Wilkes with the tender. The three vessels then stood to the southward; and arrived in San Francisco Bay on the 19th, where they found the Vincennes at anchor. Captain Ringold, who had arrived in the bay on the 14th of August, had already made considerable progress in exploring the Sacramento river; and in a few days everything was in readiness for the final departure of the squadron from the northwest coast. On the 22d of October, the Vincennes, Porpoise, Oregon, and Flying-fish left harbor, and on the 17th they arrived at Honolulu. On the 27th of November the squadron again put to sea, and took their last leave of the Sandwich Islands. The Vincennes and Flying-fish then parted company from their consorts; and standing to the westward, entered the Sea of China, and anchored in the roads of Manilla on the 13th of January, 1842. On the 21st they left Manilla; the Vincennes, parting company from the tender, crossed the Sooloo Sea to the southward, and on the 3d of February anchored off the town of Soung, which is the capital of Sooloo, a small island lying to the northeast of Borneo.

The late Captain Basil Hall has, with his usual vivacity, described the forcible impressions which the different habits of different nations make upon the seaman; who, instead of passing from one to the other by the gradual progress of a land traveller, has nothing but the difference of climate to prepare his imagination for the change from the bustle of an English port to the blooming solitude of a tropical island, or to the silent desolation of a polar coast. There could scarcely be a stronger contrast between two inhabited regions, than between the scenes at present visited by the Vincennes, and the savage cannibals of the Feejee Isles, or the sordid fishermen of the north-east coast. Manilla is a true Spanish colony; and the colonists have introduced among the natives all the picturesque and voluptuous indolence of their national manners. It is difficult to imagine ourselves in the Pacific Ocean when we read of the *Prado* with its groups of smoking or gambling loungers; of the *Tertulia* with its guitars, dances, and lemonade; or of the courteous officials, with their sonorous names and formal politeness. The natives of Sooloo, on the other hand, are in all respects Asiatics; and, with their slender forms and effeminate features, bear far greater resemblance to the Hindoo than to the Malay or Polynesian race. It is curious to recognize, in the deportment of the petty despot of this obscure island, the same puerile eagerness to display dig-

nity and compel servility, which has so often excited the surprise of European embassies at the splendid courts of Delhi or Ispahan. In other respects, these islanders seem to bear a very different character: being, according to the description of Captain Wilkes, perfidious and cowardly in disposition, and, like most of the natives of the East Indian Archipelagos, inveterate pirates.

On the 12th of February the Vincennes left Sooloo, passed to the westward of Borneo, and anchored on the 19th in the road of Singapore; where she found the Porpoise, Oregon, and Flying-fish. The place is a perfect emporium of Eastern commerce; but its prevailing character appears to be Chinese; and the temples, joss-houses, and junks of the natives, are adorned with all the ingenious deformities which characterize the labors of that singular people. At this place the Flying-fish was reported unseaworthy, and was consequently, to the great regret of the whole squadron, disposed of by public sale. Captain Wilkes expresses the natural regret of a seaman, in parting with a faithful companion of a long and dangerous expedition; but the recollection of the melancholy fate which, three years before, had befallen the Seagull, a vessel of the same class and size, deterred him from making the attempt to carry her to the United States.

We may now pass briefly over the uneventful conclusion of these voyages. On the 26th of February the Vincennes, Porpoise, and Oregon sailed from Singapore; and on the 10th of June, after touching at the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, the former vessel arrived in safety at New York.

Such is the outline—in itself, no doubt, sufficiently dry and uninteresting—of one of the longest and most laborious cruises ever undertaken. To the unimaginative reader, our barren list of dates and localities will be little more than a detached table of contents; only worth setting down for the practical purpose of saving him some trouble in exploring a voluminous work. But, to those who, themselves engaged in the tranquil occupations of civilized life, can appreciate the courage required to endure a lasting separation from its enjoyments, we rather think that our sketch will appear a record of some interest. There is surely something striking, even in the common-place simplicity with which such voyagers as Captain Wilkes generally relate their adventures;—apparently unconscious that, in passing years among dangerous seas and cannibal islanders, they have been employed in any manner different from the ordinary routine of their profession. The patient zeal necessary for such an enterprise, is very different from the hardihood which we have seen prompting some spirited young men to serve a campaign with Don Carlos, or to pass a hunting season with the Paunee Indians. It differs from the mere love of excitement and adventure, as the courage of a martyr differs from the courage of a soldier; and it is not too much to say, that many a naval commander has obtained the honors of a hero, by a display of firmness and talents far inferior to that which can only gain for Captain Wilkes the sober reputation of a judicious and scientific voyager.

Mr. HAYDON is exhibiting, at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, two large pictures of the "Banishment of Aristides" and the "Burning of Rome by Nero." These pictures form parts of a series of six designs with which the painter proposed to decorate the old house of lords as many as thirty-six years ago. In the interval, he tells us, he has laid his plan before every minister. One remarked to him he was too young, a second that his scheme was early, a third that it was late. But he has faith in it still; and, trusting to public sympathy, has resolved to paint the pictures planned so long ago.

They are to illustrate, by scenes from ancient or modern history, the horrors of anarchy, the injustice of democracy, the cruelties of despotism, the tyranny of revolution, and the blessings of justice and of limited monarchy. The first two are shown in the pictures now exhibited; the rest are in rough, early sketches on the walls. We singled out from these latter, with a startling sense of its power, a rude design for an execution during the reign of terror.

In the idea that history is more appropriate for the decoration of the houses of parliament than allegory, poetry, or fable, we quite agree with Mr. Haydon. We sympathize not less with that enthusiasm in the higher aims of his art which has availed to sustain him against every sort of failure, opposition, and neglect. And we think that there are qualities in this picture of Aristides which show how undeserved the failure and neglect have been. The general treatment is quiet yet massive; the expression is various; and a dignified and powerful effect is obtained. We thought the color raw and objectionable here and there; but the drawing is broad and free, the heads finely contrasted, the

grouping skilful, and the story, with its strong alternations of feeling, distinctly and most intelligibly told. We doubt if the artist has at any time excelled this work. What struck us most in the "Nero" was the effect of that hot glare of the conflagration: but we did not admire that picture.

AN INTERDICTED TAILOR.—The following decree has just been fulminated against a Cambridge tailor, who has involved himself in a premunire with the University authorities. It is signed by the vice-chancellor and the heads of colleges:—"St. John's College Lodge, April 11, 1846: Whereas Spencer Luke Nightingale, tailor and robe-maker, now residing in the parish of Chesterton, has been convicted of taking legal proceedings against a certain student of the university, *in statu pupillari*, without having given notice to the tutor of the said student, in violation of a decree of the vice-chancellor and heads of colleges, bearing date May 18, 1844. It is ordered and decreed by the vice-chancellor and the heads of colleges whose names are underwritten, that no person *in statu pupillari* shall, either directly or indirectly, contract, bargain, buy, or sell, or have any tradings or dealings whatsoever with the said Spencer Luke Nightingale; and that if any person *in statu pupillari* shall presume to disobey this decree, he shall, for his misdemeanor and contumacy, be punished by suspension, rustication, or expulsion, as the case shall appear to the vice-chancellor and the heads of colleges to require. R. Tatham, vice-chancellor; G. Neville Grenville, W. French, J. Lamb, Gilbert Ainslie, John Graham, W. Hodgson, Robert Phelps, W. Whewell, H. Philpott."

From the National Intelligencer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, April 7, 1846.

You had from me, by the Liverpool steamer of the 4th instant, some account of the remarkable exposition by the minister of commerce of his tariff system for France, and Sir Robert Peel's measures and motives. The heavy strictures of the *Journal des Débats* were also noticed. Mr. Cunin Gridaine did not hesitate to say that Great Britain had made war on China for her commercial interests, and that he repelled altogether the example of the Peel cabinet in regard to free trade—it being wholly selfish, and adapted to her present imperative condition in manufacturing and social policy. M. Guizot spoke the same sitting; but he abstained from the subject. It is among the anecdotes of last week that the minister of commerce was dissatisfied with the reserve of the minister of foreign affairs, and the animadversion of a journal devoted to the latter, and usually the vehicle of the royal sentiments. He discussed with his colleague likewise the inexpediency of leaving the manufacturers and producers of the country, who were so powerful in the electoral colleges, grounds of doubt and distrust respecting the tariff sense of the government. At the same time the king was alarmed and displeased at the breach, on the part of the commerce minister, of the *entente cordiale*; a flat contradiction having been given to Sir Robert Peel's repeated assertions (quite positive) touching the free trade propensities of the French government. His majesty insisted that M. Guizot should save over the affair. Pressed on two sides the consummate rhetorician undertook it the next afternoon, in the chamber of deputies. He paid a copious tribute to the wisdom and bravery of Sir Robert Peel's whole scheme. "All the friends of humanity and of social order must wish him success; a large part of the English strength, liberties, and prosperity was due to the territorial aristocracy. By yielding to Sir Robert, they would not lose, but rather secure their influence. Besides, the premier did not mean to surrender the home market, blindly and implicitly, to foreign competition. He was not an apostle of unlimited free trade; he was merely a partisan of that competition when duly limited and restrained. There was no parity of reasoning in the cases of Great Britain and France. The latter suffered no injury, and had nothing, strictly to imitate." M. Guizot then exhibited, justly, the national, social, and ministerial necessities of Sir Robert, with a profusion of compliment and sympathy. "We," he added, "are, to be sure, conservatives, protectionists, in the matter of home industry; we mean to maintain the conservative protective system; but it is our understanding, besides, that it shall be modified, amplified, *supplé*, according to the emergence of the new wants, new possibilities. In suppressing prohibitions, in lowering tariffs, we have already accomplished much; we have advanced considerably in the path of liberal reform. We are, however, restricted to more moderation, more prudence, more reservation, than the British ministers. We must persevere—go onward, whenever this can be done without danger for our prime branches of industry, and with advantage for our public of consumers and our political influence in the world." M. Guizot merely referred, vaguely, to what the minister of commerce had uttered from himself. He would not treat him as the organ of

the government on the occasion. The *entente cordiale* was thus healed. The deputy who followed him in the Tribune observed: "The minister of foreign affairs, it is true, has not yet talked to you about the admission of British products; he is too well aware of the strong opposition he would at this time have to encounter in his chamber. But that idea, I greatly fear, sprouts in his head, and he only defers the inculcation of it. We apprehend him to intimate that the branches of industry now fostered must be prepared, one day or other, to cope with foreign rivalry—British capital, machinery, skill, and vital necessities." It is well worth noting that most of the *opposition* believe that Sir Robert Peel relied on private assurances from M. Guizot and the king when he ventured to say: "The government of France is desirous of following your example, but is controlled by the aristocracy of manufactures and commerce that crowd the two chambers." I am struck with the impressions and terms of the London papers on the two ministerial speeches. The Morning Herald, an oracle of the protectionists, expresses itself as follows:

"The frank avowal of the minister of commerce as to the intentions of the French government to persist in its protection policy, seems greatly to have annoyed the *Journal des Débats*, and this organ of the French government takes the minister smartly to task for his ill-timed declarations. 'England acts from selfishness, &c.; why, to be sure she does, exclaims the *Débats*, and so does every country act from calculations of self-interest. Fie upon you Mr. Cunin Gridaine, for making that a fault, and offering it as a reason against the imitation of such conduct.' Such is a free translation of the article of the *Débats*, leaving out the asperity of its remarks. The French minister of commerce went further; he argued that England, in her anxiety to drive French and American goods out of all markets, was not only abandoning that protective system to which she owed her prosperity, but was shifting the basis of her government from the landed to the manufacturing power—an example against which the minister warned his country. So radical a condemnation of a vicious line of policy is by the *Débats* treated as a sort of act of discourtesy towards the British cabinet, and this journal labors to place the minister of commerce in a sort of isolation. But are these sentiments confined to the minister in question? We opine not. What minister protested against them? Did M. Duchatel, or M. Dumon, or the finance minister?"

The same Herald the next day remarked:

"From the *Débats* we are now enabled to gather that M. Cunin Gridaine had allowed himself to go too far; and we suspect that M. Guizot's object in referring to a subject which could only be made to form an episode in the debate on the Belgian treaty, was to soften the effect of his colleague's free dealing with the British premier."

The Herald was mute about M. Guizot's argument and decision against the protectionists. The Morning Chronicle, though a chief organ of the free trade party, was not satisfied with M. Guizot, inasmuch as he placed the cause, for Great Britain, on peculiar political and social grounds, and distinguished broadly between the external and internal circumstances of Great Britain and France on the whole subject. The Chronicle remarked:

"Recollecting the enormous duties raised in

France on British manufactures of all kinds, as well as upon British iron, and the formidable additions made within the last few months to the tariff on many articles, it is ridiculous enough to find M. Guizot claiming for the French government the merit of having always acted on exactly the same principles now adopted by Sir Robert Peel in his plan of commercial reform. M. Guizot must think the world excessively blind if he imagines that, in the face of the heaviest prohibitory duties levied by any country in Europe, he can make it believe that the principles of the French government are those of free trade, with moderate protection. M. Guizot's speech is understood to have been made with a view to the approaching general election. The electors are almost all interested in some branch of trade protected by high duties, and he is doubtless anxious to set their minds at rest as to the question of the continuance of the protection."

M. Guizot indicated the Belgian treaty as in the main a political business. "If the term of six years was allowed it, this guaranty of the future would the more attach Belgium to France; Prussia had been constantly and earnestly trying to draw Belgium to herself, the efforts of all Germany had for some time taken a definite, decided character; the purpose was to render Antwerp a transit port, by which a communication would be opened for Germany with the principal markets abroad. Germany had, for the extension of her trade, an advantage over France and England, in having no colonies to claim her products with privileges. Belgium and Antwerp were the German outlet for the distant world. Germany would be discouraged by a six years' bond between the French and the Belgians. French political and commercial influence must counteract the German game."

The discussions of the deputies, on the 2d inst., respecting French action and ascendancy in Greece, were deemed of high political import, because M. Guizot admitted that the British and French cabinets worked against each other on that theatre; but they only serve to demonstrate the miserable dependence of the Greek government, and the knowledge which both, or all the pentarchy, possess of the profligate character of Coletti, who is now subject to the efficient French Plenipotentiary at Athens. Neither Greece, Spain, nor the Lebanon will be suffered to destroy the *entente cordiale*. By parading the consideration of Greek consequence and subserviency to French general politics, the ministry have won pecuniary indulgence to the Greek government, which the British and Russians refused. A French million of francs was applied to the establishment of the National Bank at Athens, and M. Guizot welcomed from the opposition member who opened the discussion these suggestions:

"Greece had more resources than was generally supposed; she possessed a fertile country, but wanted capital to make it available. France had consented for the advantage of Greece a guaranty of twenty millions. There still remained to issue 2,500,000 francs of the loan. Would it not be

well done to issue that sum for the benefit of that country! Would it not be a noble answer to the demands of the OTHER TWO POWERS?"

The chamber of peers were engaged in the first days of this month on a bill respecting manufacturers' marks, (*marques de fabrique*), which, if properly framed, might have been signally beneficial to the commerce of France, and a source of satisfaction and encouragement to all abroad with whom she maintains relations of trade. Several of the peers, who possess a special knowledge of the preparation of French products for foreign markets, were not backward in proclaiming and reprobating the frequency and diffusiveness of every sort of fraud. Mr. Fulchiron, of Lyons, "felt convinced that France would export two or three hundred millions of francs worth more per annum, if she could compass the same high character for strict integrity as Holland and England enjoyed." Victor Hugo argued that marks—stamps, some kind of authentication—should be obligatory for whatever manufacturer, artist, producer; he loved freedom in every way; there was, however, no true and good freedom without responsibility; he, therefore, would impose the obligation of stamps. Philosopher Cousin contended stoutly for the optional system; he was ingenious and plausible in his reasoning; excogitated fine phrases about human liberty in all spheres and operations, and seemed to delight himself in the superiority of his elocution over that of the pedantic and conceited poet. A bill, on the optional plan, of twenty-three articles, with stringent clauses to prevent and punish counterfeits, passed the chamber of peers.

Two very earnest and animated debates have occurred in the other house on various heads of the freedom of religious worship, preaching, proselytizing, and the hawking of tracts. I must be content to enclose abstracts. The legislation and practice of license and restraint and protection of the different Christian denominations from each other's outrages, would be consistent at least if professors in the college of France could not lecture habitually against all Christianity; if the whole body of teachers in the university were not semi-infidels, and the press did not teem with irreverent as well as obscene works.

NEW BOOKS.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have sent us—
To Suffer and be Strong. By E. JANE CATE.
Boarding Out. A Domestic Tale.
Peers and Parvenues. By MRS. GORE.
Commander of Malta. By EUGENE SUE.
Female Minister.

Continuations of the *Wandering Jew*; *Shakspeare*, and the *Illuminated Bible*, which is nearly finished.

Messrs. William Taylor & Co. have sent—
Modern Standard Drama, Vol. 2.
Wieland; or the Transformation.

The Wife. By T. S. ARTHUR. Ferret & Co.